The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 600. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

GERMANY REPLIES TO PRESIDENT WILSON

KAISER'S ATTEMPT TO AVOID WAR WITH U.S.

NEW NOTE PLEADING FOR FURTHER NEGOTIATIONS.

MR GERARD PROTESTS AGAINST GERMAN INDIGNITIES.

A new development in the position of America and Germany is reported this morning. Germany is sending a Note suggesting that the two Governments should negotiate for the purpose of averting hostilities.

Austria is also very anxious to keep on friendly terms with America, and is suggesting that concessions be given to American ships in "the barred zone" in the Mediterranean.

Reports from America to-night emphasise the gravity of the situation, and it is freely stated that a rupture is near. The liner St Louis is being sent to this country without the distinctive marks laid down by the Germans, and the voyage of this vessel is attracting great interest in America.

A German attack on the new positions won by the British at Sailly Saillisel was unsuccessful. Several raids attempted by the enemy were frustrated, while two British raids, one of them in daylight yesterday, yielded prisoners.

Our advance at Kut is resumed. Over 1200 yards of trenches are captured, and the Turks' new front line penetrated.

GERMANY'S NOTE TO U.S.

TO AVERT HOSTILITIES.

New York, Saturday.

Germany is addressing a Note to the United States through the Swiss Minister suggesting that the Government should negotiate for the purpose of averting hostilities and perhaps adjusting the rupture between the two countries.—Exchange.

AUSTRIA ANXIOUS TO KEEP FRIENDS WITH U.S.

Proposed Concessions in the Mediterranean.

The Hague, Saturday.

Vienna reports state that the Austrian Government is negotiating with Mr Penfield, the American Ambassador, over the question of allowing Americans to travel unhindered in the Mediterranean, in the hope that Mr Wilson will not sever relations with Austria.

The negotiations have reached no conclusion yet, and there is but little chance of their arriving at a settlement. Germany does not wish any pledge to be given regarding Americans, for her contention is that such pledge would be tantamount to weakening the German blockade in the Mediterranean, and, further, that Austria is unable to give any guarantees of safety without the consent of the German Government.

UNIVERSAL SERVICE IN STATES.

Bill Reported To Senate.

Washington, Saturday.

The Universal Military Training Bill was favourably reported to the Senate by the Military Affairs Committee.

It provides that all male citizens between the ages of nineteen and twenty-six or those declaring their intention to become citizens shall undergo six months' military training. Such men are to be held in the army or the reserve until they attain the age of forty-eight.

The Customs officials announce that, on orders from Washington, all information regarding the clearance of ships, including the names, will be withheld for the present.

FINAL RUPTURE EXPECTED.

GERMANY FORCING AMERICA'S HAND.

Washington, Saturday.

It is now almost certain that the efforts of the neutral diplomatists who have been trying to avert the final rupture between the United States and Germany have failed, and there is nothing more to be done by these well-meaning efforts.

The moral support of the central and southern American States is assured.

In diplomatic circles it is believed that Germany, in forcing America's hands, hopes to achieve an object apart from withholding food supplies from Britain, and that is to embarrass American finance to such an extent that no financial support for the Allies will be possible. Anything approaching a big American mobilisation would, therefore, from their point of view, help to accomplish the desired end.

Geneva, Saturday.

A message from Berlin to the semi-official Strasburg Post says that official circles regard the feverish American war preparation with considerable anxiety. The same newspaper warns the German public that war seems inevitable.

New York, Saturday.

The United Press Association's Washington correspondent says the President is said to be determined to keep the burden of the actual declaration of war on Germany.

MR GERARD'S DEPARTURE.

Protests Against Cutting Embassy 'Phone.

The Hague, Saturday Night.

According to a message from Berlin Mr Gerard, accompanied by two hundred people, is leaving Berlin to-night by a train departing at 8.20 p.m. The train comprises sleeping accommodation and restaurants. A military escort has been provided.

The American Ambassador is expected to arrive on the Swiss frontier on Sunday afternoon.

The Kaiser has sent one of his private Equerries to escort Mr Gerard as far as Bale.

The American Embassy building is now under special police protection.

The German authorities have extended to Mr Gerard and the American Consuls the customary diplomatic privilege of not having their luggage searched. But his companions will have their luggage searched prior to leaving Berlin in order to simplify frontier formalities.

Mr Gerard has sent a formal protest to the German Foreign Office through a neutral channel by reason of the fact that ten minutes after he had formally asked for his passports the Embassy telephone was cut off by Government orders.

NEW BRITISH LINE ATTACKED.

ENEMY'S COMPLETE FAILURE.

OUR TROOPS' DAYLIGHT RAID AT GIVENCHY.

London, Saturday Night.

The following report has been received from British Headquarters, dated 8.35 p.m., Saturday:—

Last night the enemy attacked our new positions east of Sailly Saillisel after a heavy preliminary bombardment. His attacks were everywhere unsuccessful, and our line has been entirely maintained.

The enemy attempted raids during the night south-east of Neuville St Vaast, east of Vermelles, and south of Neuve Chapelle. He was repulsed in each case with considerable loss, leaving a few prisoners in our hands.

Daylight Raid at Givenchy.

A party of our troops entered the enemy's lines east of Neuville St Vaast, destroyed a concrete machine gun emplacement, and returned without casualties.

This afternoon we carried out a very successful raid opposite Givenchy, and captured twenty-five prisoners, including one officer.

During the past twenty-four hours we have taken forty-eight prisoners, including two officers.

Artillery Cause Explosions in Enemy Lines.

Artillery has been active on both sides of the Somme in the neighbourhood of Serre and in the Ypres sector.

Four explosions were caused in the enemy's lines by our fire.

Yesterday bombs were dropped by us on a number of places of military importance, and considerable damage was done to an enemy aerodrome.

One German aeroplane was destroyed in an air fight and another hostile machine was brought down by our anti-aircraft guns.

THE ST LOUIS A CHALLENGE SHIP.

To Sail Danger Zone Without Distinctive Marks.

London, Saturday Forenoon.

America will soon cast down the gauntlet to the Kaiser, it is believed, says a report published here to-day, when the American liner St Louis, fully armed, will sail out into the "danger zone." She will not be painted and beflagged, as Germany directed, and she will not avoid the submarine zone. If Germany sinks her war will undoubtedly follow. This is the belief of persons high in Government circles.

The postponement of the liner's sailing has been the subject of sharp editorial criticism in the leading newspapers of the country, and it is felt that the Government is tamely allowing Germany to blockade the American coast.

Two Ships Sail For France.

New York, Saturday.

Two unarmed American freight steamers are expected to start to-day for the war zone.

They will be the first vessels flying the American flag going hence into the prescribed area since the receipt of the German Note announcing unrestricted submarine warfare.

Neither vessel has the prescribed stripes on the sides, but only U.S.A. in big letters.

They will leave, the owners say, relying on the right of American vessels to traverse the High Seas, and they are not going to mount guns to resist unlawful attacks.

One of the steamers, the Orleans, has an American captain, Allan Tucker, and a crew of thirty-five, of whom thirty-two are American citizens. The other ship is named the Rochester. It is stated that neither carries contraband, and that both vessels will go to Bordeaux.

New York (Later).

The American cargo steamers Orleans and Rochester, flying the American flag, sailed this afternoon for the war zone.

COUNT BERNSTORFF'S JOURNEY.

Washington, Saturday.

It is reported that Count Bernstorff is considering delaying his departure on account of a fear of nervous prostration, induced by the break with Germany, of Countess Bernstorff, who is an American.

New York, Saturday.

An Associated Press telegram from Washington says that arrangements have been completed for the departure on Wednesday of Count Bernstorff and his staff by the Frederik VIII. for Christiania. Count Bernstorff will leave Washington on Tuesday night.

ADVANCE ON KUT RESUMED.

TURKS NEW FRONT LINE BROKEN.

1200 YARDS OF TRENCHES TAKEN.

London, Saturday Night.

The General Officer Commanding in Mesopotamia reports:—

The enemy positions gained in the advance of 5th February have now been consolidated. During the process of consolidating several minor bombing operations have been carried out, and the artillery have on several occasions bombarded the liquorice factory, which is strongly held by the enemy.

On February 7 there was a successful cavalry raid, which resulted in the capture of a large quantity of grain.

The offensive was resumed on the 9th inst., and under cover of a heavy bombardment a portion of the enemy's new front line west of the Hai was secured and consolidated in face of two counter-attacks and several bombing attacks.

Further westwards the enemy trenches were penetrated, and by means of successful bombing work were secured and consolidated on a frontage of 1200 yards.

During these operations the cavalry operating on the western flank drove in enemy advanced troops south and west of the Shumran Bend.

THREE LINES TAKEN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

Five Successive Counter-Attacks.

London, Saturday Night.

Mr Edmund Candler, the representative of the British press with the Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia, in his latest despatch states that in the fighting of February 3 on the Tigris front the Turks put up a stubborn resistance on the west bank of the Hai, but were flung out of their three front lines, and five successive counter-attacks they subsequently made were all heavily repulsed.

The enemy's casualties have not been estimated yet, but it is doubtful if his losses have been so heavy since April last.

Many of our men lay outside and dropped bombs into a deep trench before they went in. We found the position filled with dead.

Within a quarter of an hour the first, second, and third trenches were in our possession. Forty prisoners were taken.

FRENCH GENERAL'S CONFIDENCE.

Hopeful Outlook For Spring

Paris, Saturday.

The Temps Petrograd correspondent has interviewed General Castelnau, Chief of the French Military Mission at the Petrograd conference.

General Castelnau said the military situation of the Allies in January, 1917, cannot be compared with the situation in the same month of last year. We cannot but see that the conditions for the approaching spring campaign are ever so much more favourable than last year. Each day brings us nearer to the realisation of our aims.

Taken as a whole the year 1916 was favourable to the Allies. The Somme operations permitted us to gain a remarkable series of successes, and atmospheric conditions alone prevented us from widening our gains.

I leave Petrograd with entire confidence. All the Allies are inspired with the same principles, and the same devotion to duty, and all are striving towards a common object.

STRONG GUN FIRE ON WEST FRONT.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

German Main Headquarters reports to-day as follows:—

Western Theatre.

On the Ypres Wytschate front and the Army of the Crown Prince Rupprecht in Artois, as well as between the Ancre and the Somme, there was increased activity by artillery forces.

Under the protection of their fire British reconnoitring troops pressed forward at several points, and south of Saily strong detachments which advanced against our positions were everywhere repulsed.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

On the west bank of the Meuse there was strong French fire from midday onwards. An attack in preparation against Height 304 was suppressed by means of our effective fire.

On the eastern bank of the river an attack against the Pepper Ridge made by an enemy company was repulsed.

U BOATS' TOLL.

ELEVEN VESSELS SUNK.

NEUTRAL CREW MISSING.

London, Saturday Night.

Reports to hand to-night show that the following vessels have been reported lost during the past twenty-four hours:—

BRITISH VESSELS.

Japanese Prince, steamer.

Beechtree, a Cardiff steamer, torpedoed vessel sinking in seven minutes. Crew of fifteen landed.

Jura, a Glasgow steamer, sunk to-day by collision.

Mantola, steamer.

Lullington, steamer, crew landed.

Victorious, fishing smack, sunk by submarine; four of crew picked up.

NEUTRAL VESSELS.

Marianne, Dutch fishing lugger; crew put on board Terscheling Bank Lightship.

Derika, Dutch trawler; crew landed by fishing boat.

Ida, Norwegian steamer; two men killed and five wounded. Survivors rescued by British destroyer.

Havgard, Norwegian steamer, sunk.

Ellavore, Norwegian steamer, sunk by enemy submarine. Captain landed; mate and eleven men missing.

NEUTRAL SHIP SHELLED WITHOUT WARNING.

British Destroyer Rescues Survivors.

Christiania, Saturday.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs has received information that the Norwegian steamer Ida was attacked on February 8 without warning by a submarine, which fired four times before she was sighted, and discharged more than twenty shells in all.

The Ida was finally sunk by bombs.

Two men were killed and five wounded. The survivors were taken on board a British torpedo boat destroyer.

CAPTAIN, WIFE, AND CHILD TAKEN PRISONERS.

London, Saturday Night.

The Star says:—The Freeman's Journal states that the captain of the Norwegian ship Thor II., sunk some days ago, and his wife and five-year-old child have been made prisoners on a German submarine.

HOLLAND'S STRONG PROTEST.

The Loss of Dutch Ships and Lives.

The Hague, Saturday.

A White Book is published here containing diplomatic correspondence which has passed between the Dutch Foreign Minister and the German and Austrian Ministers at the Hague on the question of intensified submarine warfare.

The Foreign Minister recalls the former Dutch protests against British and German maritime measures in the North Sea, and points out that the Dutch Government finds itself now with all the more reason obliged to raise its voice strongly against the announced submarine warfare.

The Dutch Government, he says, can only regard the destruction of neutral ships by belligerents as a violation of established international law of humanity, which it involves if it takes place without regard for the safety of those on board.

He adds that the responsibility for any eventual destruction of Dutch ships in the barred zones and loss of any human lives will fall on the German Government, whose responsibility will be especially heavy in those cases in which ships may be obiged those cases in which ships may be obliged compulsion by an enemy warship in its exercise of the right of search.

(Continued on page 2.)

HORNETS FOR U BOATS.

TO SINK THEM IN THE SEVEN SEAS.

STRONG SPEECH BY MR HODGE.

London, Saturday.

Mr John Hodge, the Minister of Labour, addressing a meeting at Greenwich this afternoon, referred at some length to the splendid work of the voluntary army in France, and to the rallying to the mother country of the Colonies, contrary to the expectations of Germany.

Referring to the submarine menace, he said that the Germans thought their superfrightfulness would prevent our merchant seamen from going to sea, but none had been frightened, and we ought not to forget what we owe to them.

Money was wanted not only for munitions and to build merchantmen to take the place of those sunk, but to construct hornets to chase the German submarines over the seven seas of the world until they had been sunk.

When the offensive starts in the spring, as start it will, said Mr Hodge, there must be an unlimited supply of ammunition, so that when the German lines are broken there shall be no holding up for lack of supply.

He considered that the hymn of hate should be framed and hung up in every house, not only after the war, but now, so that we might realise fully the kind of foe we were fighting.

"BUSY SINKING SUBMARINES."

Admiral Bacon's Inspiring Message.

Greenock, Saturday Night.

Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon sent an inspiring message to a meeting held at Greenock to-day. Mr John Hodge addressed the meeting, which was held in furtherance of the War Loan. The admiral's message was as follows:—

Don't worry too much about submarines. The Navy will give them all the worry they want. What you can worry about to-day is the War Loan. If you will try as hard to do your duty on shore by raising the Loan as we are doing it at sea by sinking submarines and frustrating other evil devices, you will make the Loan such a success that it will be the knockout blow for the enemy.

RESERVOIRS TO REPLENISH U BOAT SUPPLIES.

Germans New Trick With Submarine Numbers.

Rotterdam, Saturday Night.

The crew of the Ymuiden steam trawler Derika were brought into Ymuiden by a lugger. They state that the first notice given by the submarine, which bore no number, was the firing of seven shots.

The submarine commander told the trawler's captain that he was about to sink the vessel because they were fishing in forbidden waters. The captain replied that he left Ymuiden on January 31, and knew nothing of any new forbidden zone, to which the German replied, "I cannot help that. I have my instructions, which are to sink every vessel in these waters."

The trawler was sunk by bombs and the crew rowed to the lugger.

A frontier correspondent confirms the statement of the Derika's crew that the numbers of the German submarines are now invisible. He learns through refugees that the submarines leaving Zeebrugge for the North Sea carry a reversible iron shield, with one side blank and the other side bearing the number. When attacking a vessel the blank side is turned outwards. It is also stated that there are floating steel reservoirs at Zeebrugge ready to launch. These carry supplies for the submarine, and are probably of the same type as the reservoir washed up on the Sicilian coast a year ago.

German naval officers at Bruges recently celebrated the advent of submarine frightfulness with a banquet, at which toasts were drunk to relentless U boat warfare. One of the officers present at the banquet afterwards observed that nothing but a merciless submarine war could save Germany in the present predicament.

SINKING OF SAILING SHIP LORTON.

Peru Demands Indemnity and Punishment of Officers.

London, Saturday.

The following is news from abroad transmitted to the wireless stations of the German Government:—

Lima, Peruvian Minister, Berlin.—Inform at once by letter to German Government that the Peruvian sailing ship Lorton, going to Bilboa, has been sunk four miles off Port Suances, within Spanish waters, by a German submarine hoisting the French colours.

Explain the attack on neutral ship in neutral waters with cargo for non-belligerent country outside the zone lately declared closed is an unjustifiable offence against international law, and protest demanding an indemnity, damages, reparation, facts, and the punishment of the authors, and cable the progress of this claim.—(Signed) Delasira Aguero, Minister, re Lacions.—British Admiralty, per Wireless.

NAVAL AIRMEN'S RAID.

MANY BOMBS DROPPED IN AERODROME.

KARLSRUHE BARRACKS BOMBARDED.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that on and after noon of the 9th inst. an attack was carried out by naval aeroplanes on the aerodrome of Ghistelles.

A large number of bombs were dropped which were observed to explode on the objective.

All pilots and machines returned safely.

[Ghistelles is six miles south-east of Ostend, and the aerodrome there has been bombarded by our airmen on several previous occasions.]

AIR ATTACK ON ZEEBRUGGE.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf learns from the Dutch-Belgian frontier that at about half-past five yesterday (Friday evening) Zeebrugge was attacked by an air squadron.

Owing to the darkness the number of aeroplanes could not be observed. The squadron was heavily bombarded, at least 300 shells being fired.—P.A. War Special.

BIG RAIDS ON BLAST FURNACES.

Guynemer's 31st Victory.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The official report issued last night says:—

In the course of last night numerous bombardments were carried out by our aeroplanes, especially on the blast furnaces of Rombach and Hagondange, the stations of Maizeres and of Tergnier, the railroads and factories of the Valley of the Sarre, where a train was derailed and caught fire near Stingbert.

On the night of yesterday several air fights took place. Two enemy aeroplanes, including one three-seater, fell in our lines, being brought down by our pilots, including Lieut. Guynemer, who thus registered his thirty-first victory.

KARLSRUHE BOMBED BY ALLIES.

Station And Barracks Hit.

Paris, Saturday.

The following report dealing with aerial actions are issued to-day:—

Last night one of our aeroplanes bombarded the railway station and barracks of Karlsruhe, and the objectives were reached.

The French machine, which started at 10.50 p.m., returned at 2.10 a.m., after having accomplished its mission.

Two German aeroplanes this morning bombed the region of Dunkirk and dropped bombs twice last night and this morning on the town of Amiens.

There were no victims at Dunkirk. One woman was killed at Amiens.

Two bombs were also dropped at Nancy and in the region of Pont St Bincent. A civilian was killed, and four were wounded.

A German aeroplane was brought down during the day yesterday near Regrieville en Haye by the fire of our anti-aircraft guns.

[Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden, has been bombed on previous occasions by Allied airmen, the effectiveness of the first attack, it may be recollected, was the cause of a great outburst of rage by the Kaiser and the King of Bavaria.]

GERMAN VERSION OF DUNKIRK RAID.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Berlin official telegram reports that naval aeroplanes on the night of the 8th successfully dropped sixty-six bombs in the aerodrome of St Pol, near Dunkirk. Several hits on the aerodrome were observed. All our aeroplanes returned undamaged.

FIGHTING AT THE FERRYMAN'S HOUSE.

London, Saturday Night.

The following official report was issued by Belgian Headquarters to-night:—

During the course of the night the Belgian infantry dispersed a German detachment which endeavoured to approach our trenches to the north of the Ferryman's House.

There was a bombing engagement to the south of that place and to the north of Hetsas. There has been an intermittent cannonade at various points.—Admiralty, per Wireless Press.

[The Ferryman's House, on the Yser, which has again been the scene of brisk fighting, figured prominently as the locality of some severe engagements during the great battle of the Yser soon after the fall ot Antwerp.]

DEATH FROM COLD AND STARVATION.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

Passengers from Cologne arriving in Holland state that several deaths from cold and starvation occurred during the past week.

The police were publicly insulted in the street, and the residences of certain political personages were guarded by military cordons. Many public buildings near the frontier are converted into barracks. The roof of the building of the Catholic Journeymen's Association of Emmerich has been strengthened with concrete as a precaut on against air raids.

Germany only consents to export coal to Holland if the trucks take back vegetables and other foodstuffs.

WAGHINE TURNS OVER.

DEATH OF BEATTOCK AVIATOR.

London, Saturday Night.

An inquest was held in Yorkshire regarding the death of Second-Lieutenant Dykes Grossart (25), of Miltons, Beattock, Dumfriesshire, who was killed by falling with an aeroplane.

An agricultural labourer said he saw the aeroplane turn completely over and crash to the groud in a field. He found the aviator dead inside his machine, which was in flames. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Lieutenant Grossart was the second son of Mr R. F. Grossart, J.P., Miltons, Beattock. He was twenty-five years of age, and was at Glasgow University training as a civil engineer when he joined the 6th Camerons (University Battalion) at the outbreak of war. He was transferred on receiving a commission to Liverpool, then to a Welsh regiment, and latterly was attached to the Royal Flying Corps.

NIGHT ATTACK AT GORIZIA.

Austrians Claim 650 Italian Prisoners.

London, Saturday Night.

The Austrian official report received to-night has a claim of a substantial success against the Italians. The report is in the following terms:—

In the region of Gorizia our troops, by means of a nocturnal attack, gained a footing in several enemy trenches, inflicted severe sanguinary losses upon the Italians, and captured fifteen officers and 650 rank and file, and also ten machine guns, two mine-throwers, and much other material.

Detachments of Infantry Regiments numbers eighty-five and eighty-seven and Territorial infantry from Lower Austria and the Bukovina played a brilliant role in this success.—Admiralty, per Wireless Press.

DISARMING THE RESERVISTS.

Allied Ministers' Strong Protest.

Athens (Received Saturday).

It is learned from a good source that at the conference between M. Demidoff and the Premier, M. Lambros, the former drew the attention of the Greek Government to the hostile attitude of the press towards the Entente, and with regard to the question of disbanding the Reservists recommended the Government to proceed with measures for effective disarmament.

M. Demidoff made similar recommendations to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

GREECE'S UNCHANGED ATTITUDE.

Athens (Received Saturday).

The Greek Government has replied to the United States Note that it intends to maintain its present attitude in regard to the war.—Central News.

BISHOP OF LONDON AT GRETNA.

"Culture Damned for Ever."

Gretna, Saturday.

The Bishop of London, speaking at Gretna this afternoon, said that if we lost this war then God help the world.

In Great Britain before the war, and worse still in Germany, people were getting into their minds the idea that education was going to change the world, but culture was damned for ever by what had been done in Belgium, Poland, and Northern France.

He warned his hearers against the religious, physical, and moral dangers which were always present, and said that in London he was always trying to safeguard the young.

LATEST WIRES.

A Berlin message announces that Von Bissing has returned to Brussels to resume the Government of Belgium.

A decree has been published in Paris prohibiting the sale of new bread.

On instructions issued by the Home Office, notices calling South Wales colliery workmen to the colours have been cancelled.

Petrograd reported officially yesterday that scouting and infantry firing are taking place on the West front. There is no change on the Roumanian and Caucasian fronts.

The Shipping Controller has appointed Mr A. Wilkie, M.P., Secretary of the Shipwrights' Society, and Mr John Hill, Secretary of the Boilermakers' Society, to advise his Department on labour questions.

Last night's Italian communique states that on the Carso one of our detachments, by a surprise attack, occupied a natural hollow, from which the occupants were ejected, some few prisoners being taken.

Last night's French communique says:—To the west of Pont a Mousson we carried out a successful surprise attack and brought back ten prisoners. On both banks of the Meuse there were lively reciprocal artillery actions. There was no infantry action. On the rest of the front the usual shelling took place.

Last night's German official communique states that on the north bank of the Somme, on the western bank of the Meuse, on several sectors of the Eastern front, and between the Vardar and Doiran Lake there has been lively activity.

ALDERSHOT MURDER TRIAL.

DEATH SENTENCE ON R.A.M.C. SERGEANT.

OFFER OF £500 BRIBE TO WARDER—ACCUSED'S AMAZING STORY OF TWO STRANGERS.

Winchester, Saturday Night.

Remarkable and dramatic evidence was given in the Aldershot murder trial, which concluded here late this afternoon by the passing of sentence of death on Leo George O'Donnell, a sergeant in the R.A.M.C., who was found guilty of the murder at Aldershot of Lieutenant and Quartermaster Frederick William Watterton, R.A.M.C.

Mr Justice Darling presided at the trial, which was held at Hants Assizes.

The proceedings were watched by a large gathering of the general public, who occupied every seat in the body of the Court and the two galleries.

Prisoner's Offer of £250 to a Witness.

Mr Clavell Salter, prosecuting, said the officer was found murdered on January 1, and by the body was a lavatory brush which had been seen in O'Donnell's possession. He and Lieutenant Watterton were together on the night of the murder. They went out together at 8.15, and O'Donnell returned alone at 10.30. He failed to account satisfactorily for his whereabouts during the two hours.

Sensation in Court followed the reading of several letters addressed within the past few weeks from prison in which O'Donnell asked Sergeant Hesketh, Lieut. Watterton's daughter (to whom he had been engaged), and others to state that they had seen him.

To Sergeant Hesketh he wrote:—

Now Hesketh, for God's sake clear up these two hours for me. Say you saw me at a social or anywhere.

To Bandsman Izood he wrote:—

Help me clear up the two hours. Say you spoke to me about a quarter to nine in D block. I will give you £100 then when I come out.

To a friend named Finch he offered £250 if he would say he was drunk and put to bed, adding, "This is my last hope." O'Donnell also offered another £250 to Finch if he would get the man from the canteen to swear he was drunk, as that would account for the two hours.

Similar letters were written to Miss Walker and Lieut. Watterton's daughter, and the prisoner requested that all the letters should be destroyed.

A night watchman from Winchester Prison, who gave evidence, said that O'Donnell asked him if he could get a man from Winchester to say that he (O'Donnell) was in Winchester on the night of the murder, and he would give him £500.

Accused's Extraordinary Story of Two Strangers.

The accused entered the witness-box this afternoon, and stated that he joined the army voluntarily in 1914. He became acquainted with Watterton, and grew to regard him with the affection of a son. They never quarrelled.

Three months before the murder, said witness, Watterton was visited by two strangers, who spoke in Spanish, and eventually Lieutenant Watterton told him the secret of how, when at Gibraltar, he formed a liason with a Spanish lady, which resulted in the birth of a son. This son was one of the mysterious strangers, he having traced Watterton, and demanded money. Watterton even said he was sure his son would kill him.

On the night of the murder, said the accused, he left Lieutenant Watterton's house at twenty minutes past eight, and, being overcome by what he had had to drink, he lay down, and remembered no more until he came to at half-past ten. The reason he wrote the many letters afterwards was that when the charge was made against him he lost his head at being unable to account for his time.

Cross-examined, the prisoner said when he heard Lieut. Watterton was killed, and that his body had been found in a trench, he thought at first he had been run over by a motor and had been carried to a trench, as there was no sign of a struggle.

The Judge asked the prisoner if he always meant to tell this story of his falling ill and going to sleep.

The Prisoner—Yes.

The Judge—If your friends had come forward and sworn you were at a social would you have sworn you were?

The Prisoner—Yes, my Lord. (Sensation in Court.)

O'Donnell said he knew there was money in Watterton's safe, and amongst that £70 of his (prisoner's) own money. This he wanted to leave for Watterton's relatives, and was being defended as a poor prisoner. When he learned the police were in possession of letters to people as to proving an alibi he resolved to make his present statement as to what really happened.

Counsel's Dramatic Theory of Motive.

Mr Clavell Slater addressed the jury for the prosecution, and said that nobody would doubt that Lieutenant Watterton was finally murdered partly by means of the prisoner's club. Why had the prisoner that club with him at all that night? Could a young man start out to visit a young woman without knowing he had the club in his possession. Prisoner's story was that Lieutenant Watterton handed to him the notes found on him, and the jury must judge whether it was a coincidence that Lieutenant Watterton had in his possession bloodstained notes.

Counsel commented on what he termed the prisoner's desperate attempt by promises of large bribes to get people to commit perjury on his behalf. If prisoner's present story were true the statements he wished these people to make were completely false. Prisoner had never told that story before to-day, and, counsel said, he should dismiss as having no bearing on the case the dramatic story which prisoner had told in the witness-box.

They had there a man who had been ordered for foreign service, and who, there was reason for conjecture, did not want to go if he could help it. He intended to disappear in the name of another man, and it was remarkable that, according to his own statement, he was at this moment impersonating somebody else. He had everything necessary for disappearance except sufficient money. He knew there was plenty of money in the safe, and that Watterton had the key in his pocket.

A few hours after the murder prisoner was at the door of the room where the safe was, and was saying what was untrue then. Counsel submitted that prisoner's account of his movements during the long period of time was wholly unsatisfactory, and that the jury had nothing to do but to bring in a verdict of guilty.

The Writing of the Letters.

Mr du Parcq, for the defence, said the prosecution actually suggested prisoner murdered Watterton to gain possession of a key. Prisoner and Watterton were on terms of most perfect intimacy, and was it credible that, in order to gain possession of the key, this man would have killed the other? It was suggested that this supposedly calculating man left his own truncheon for the world to find. Was the man who was alleged to have asked his victim's daughter for means to wash off the bloodstains, and who spent the evening with the girl, the man who would be likely to leave behind the best piece of evidence that could be produced against him?

Counsel admitted that the letters sent by prisoner to people asking them to commit perjury were a pack of lies. It was a mad thing to do, but he asked the jury to consider whether it was the act of a clever, ingenious, careful criminal, as prisoner was made out to be, and whether it was an act inconsistent with innocence? The writing of the letters, he suggested, was the act of an innocent man who found himself enmeshed, who had got himself into an awful difficulty by lying like a fool from the first.

Judge's Summing Up.

Mr Justice Darling, in summing up, said prisoner could have accounted for all his time from eight o'clock till ten on the night of the murder by a story which he said was the true story, and which he had now sworn to. He had never told the story before that day. Prisoner stated the whole reason he had not told Miss Watterton was that he feared if she had known he had been drunk she would have broken off the engagement. In preparing his defence, prisoner set to work to suborn perjured evidence, writing letter after letter asking people to swear to a story he had made up. When he did not succeed he offered one of the warders a considerable sum to procure someone or other who would swear where he was that night. Have you in all your experience, asked his Lordship, known a man prepared so deliberately to commit perjury and suborn others to do it, and so clever as to suggest exactly the points to which they should devote their attention?

Mystery of O'Donnell.

"Who is the prisoner," went on Mr. Justice Darling. "He has told us he is not Leo James O'Donnell, and that he is not Leo George O'Donnell, the name by which he is indicted. It does not matter so much who he is. The name does not matter if you come to the conclusion that that man there, be his name what it will, is proved guilty to have murdered Watterton, then you will do your duty and say so. If you are not convinced that he is the man who killed Watterton, you will find him not guilty.

The jury were absent seven minutes, and they returned a verdict of guilty. The prisoner, who had returned from below the Court with a slightly heightened flush, heard the fateful word pronounced by the foreman without any other sign of feeling. Asked of he had anything to say before sentence, he replied firmly, through half-opened lips, "I am innocent, that is all."

Ordeal of Accused's Sweetheart.

The Judge assumed the black cap, and in his first words to the prisoner said, "The verdict of the jury was the only possible conclusion that could have been come to."

After the sentence the prisoner, fully master of himself, turned and went below. His rugged features relaxed during the speech of the Judge, and it seemed almost as if a smile flitted over his lips when he was first addressed.

Within a couple of feet of him sat Miss Watterton, who, having borne up bravely throughout the trial, now wept silently. Kindly hands were placed over her ears until the dreadful words of the sentence were concluded, and then with a little aid she walked out of the Court with the rest of the witnesses.

BRITISH IN INDIA LIABLE FOR MILITARY SERVICE.

Bombay, Received Saturday.

Speaking at the meeting of the Imperial Council, the Viceroy said a Bill will be introduced enacting that all European British subjects in India between the ages of 18 and 41 would be liable for general service in India.

Those between the ages of 41 and 50 would be compulsorily enrolled for military service.

Youths between 16 and 18 would be enrolled for military training.

Indians also would be enrolled with their own units for general military service.

"MAMMY" LOST IN THE CALIFORNIA.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL'S PATHETIC STORY OF LATEST U-BOAT OUTRAGE.

MOVING INCIDENTS OF OCEAN TRAGEDY AS TOLD TO OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVES.

Glasgow, Saturday.

Not since the sinking of the Lusitania has the country been so stirred and shocked as by the destruction without warning of the California, the well-known Anchor liner. It is an act so wanton, wicked, bestial, and murderous that all civilisation quivers with pain and horror at this the latest "triumph" of piratical frightfulness.

The news created a tremendous sensation in Glasgow. The majority of the victims belong to the city, and there were many pathetic scenes at the Anchor Line office and at the stations. Large crowds awaited the arrival of the survivors by train. Many in the crowds, alas, had come not in the hope of seeing loved ones, but to learn, if possible, from the lips of others how their relatives had met their end.

Possibly the most pathetic and moving of all the incidents in the sinking of this fine ship is that which concerns the fate of the Little family. Here is a tragedy that is, happily, seldom equalled even in war time.

Obeying an urgent summons to return to her home in Glasgow to nurse her mother in her last illness, Mrs Little, of New York, and her four children, the youngest a baby of thirteen months, sailed for the Old Country in the ill-fated California. Owing to business reasons, Mrs Little's husband was compelled to remain behind.

The mother and the eldest son, John, a boy of twelve years, have fallen victims to the savagery of the Hun, while the two other children, Margaret (9) and May (3), with the baby, only escaped the others' fate as by a miracle. And what gives an additional touch of pathos to the family's misfortune is the fact that Mrs Little's mother died on the night the California was under ordinary circumstances here in Glasgow.

"I Want My Mammy."

When the motherless bairns arrived in Glasgow, shepherded by a kindly stewardess, they were at once conveyed to the home of their uncle, Mr A. Hill, 42 Dunard Street, and there a "Post Sunday Special" representative found them.

The children were obviously still suffering from the shock and exposure. They were pale and nervous, and in their eyes one could easily discern how the dreadful ordeal had affected their highly-strung, sensitive natures.

It was a sight to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened amongst us. The two older children were at once put to bed, but little May called out plaintively for mammy, mammy, I want my mammy," while the baby also appeared to be inconsolable.

Margaret, the eldest girl, who had not slept since she had been taken out of the water, is a bright, most intelligent little lass of about nine summers, and she sat up in bed, and, in her shrill Yankee treble, gave what, for a child of her years, I would describe as an extraordinarily vivid account of her experiences.

Let me relate Margaret's story, just as she repeated it to me:—

"Mother Was Very Brave."

"I was in bed when the boat was struck," she began, "and my mother was in the dining saloon.

"The noise wakened us, and a stewardess brought May and baby and me up on deck, and there we saw mother. She was very brave, and she said we would be all right, and we would soon be going for a sail in a boat.

"Somebody put a lifebelt on me, and my brother John had one on also, but May and mother had none.

"Then we were all hoisted into the lifeboat. But when we were all in, one end dipped deep down into the water, and then a big wave came and put the boat right again.

"I don't mind much after that. I only know it was awfully cold in the water. I kept crying for my mother, but I never saw her again.

"Mr Anderson (a Dundee gentleman who was a passenger) caught me out of the water, and I was put into another boat. I afterwards saw May and the baby. I thought at first that May was dead. She never moved for a long time, and her eyes were closed. (May was unconscious for some time after being rescued).

"I cried out for my mother. They said that the boat had gone down and killed her, and my brother John, too.

"May and I cried for mother all the time we were in the boat, and so did baby."

"Granny" Dead, Too.

I am not ashamed to say that the tears welled up to my eyes while pale-faced little Margaret recounted in her childish vocabulary this terrible tragedy of the shameless piratical war on sea. None can picture the innocent babes struggling for their lives in the water without burning with indignation against the foul perpetrators of these outrages.

The children's plight, as can be imagined, touched among the other rescued passengers the deepest sympathy, and there were many who found solace for their own sorrow in comforting the bereaved bairns.

And then when little Margaret got home at last she learned that not only had her beloved mother and brother gone for ever, but that her dear "granny," whom she had come from America specially to visit, had also crossed the bourne.

"THE WHITE STREAK."

Thrilling Moments Ere the Liner Disappeared.

Another most graphic account of the disaster was that given to "The Post Sunday Special" by Mr John MacLean, boatswain of the ill-fated liner, a few minutes after his arrival in Glasgow.

Despite his arduous experiences MacLean, who resides at 87 High Street, Rothesay, an alert and vigorous young man, showed little trace of his adventure beyond the assorted nature of his attire.

"About twenty minutes past nine o'clock on Wednesday morning," he said, "I was on the fore end of the deck, and was coming aft when I saw a white streak along the surface of the water come straight for the ship. I looked at it for a second, and then it struck me that it was a torpedo making for us. The thought had hardly occurred to me when there was a great explosion as it struck aft.

"Everybody was on the deck in a few moments, and I ran to one of the boats, which we were lowering right away the best way we could. The California took a heavy list two or three minutes after she was struck—she was settling down right away, and the stern was underneath the water in about five minutes.

"There wasn't a chance for her from the first. The crew behaved splendidly, or many more lives would have been lost.

Sailor's Peculiar Experience.

"One of the most peculiar experiences among the crew was that of a fellow-islander of mine, James Moore, boatswain's mate, Port Bannatyne. He was lying sleeping in his bunk when the torpedo struck us, and, as he was near the spot of the impact, the explosion blew the porthole of his cabin out of the side of the ship, and threw the bulkhead alongside him, with his bed, into another room, and he had to burst the door open to get out.

"We were about three-quarters of an hour in the boats before we were picked up. They were very good to us on board that ship, and gave us all the clothes they could spare. We needed all we could get, too, for some of the boys were almost naked, several having on nothing but their singlets and pants.

"You can see my rigout," he added, glancing down smilingly at a pair of seaman's trousers and a couple of well-worn, unlaced shoes. "But we were lucky to get off with our lives, and that's the main thing."

"Hadn't the Heart to Say 'No.'"

The next moment MacLean had turned to reply with a sympathetic negative to an anxious-eyed woman who pushed her way through the station throng to ask MacLean if her son, a member of the crew, had been saved. Immediately she burst into loud sobbing, and was led away by some friends.

"Did ye tell her, Mac?" asked another survivor of the liner. "She asked me, but I hadna the heart to say 'No,' so I said I didna ken."

"Yes, I told her," MacLean answered. "It's best that she should know, for it's the only answer she can get."

Grief-stricken little groups here and there in the station had also received from other survivors "the only answer" as to the fate of their loved ones on the gallant Anchor liner.

SEAMAN WITH ARM SMASHED

Rescues Woman and Child.

"I am very glad to be here," said another survivor, one of the crew.

"We have had a trying time since Wednesday morning. Let me tell you it is a hazardous business sailing the Western Ocean in these days.

"I was on the watch when we were struck, and the pleasure of being back in Glasgow is all the greater, as I was one of the crew of the ill-fated Caledonia, which was also torpedoed by a German submarine. So far as I can recall our vessel went down in about ten minutes. Several of my chums perished and one or two are seriously injured.

"It was a fine morning, and we were sailing along much as usual, when two submarines sighted us. The first torpedo missed us, but the second nailed us about No. 4 hatch. There was a terrific explosion. The captain ordered all passengers to be got on deck. We had the boats lowered with all possible speed, and the women and children got in as quickly as possible. There was no excitement, and everybody behaved with remarkable coolness.

"Unfortunately one or two of the boats got smashed while being lowered, owing to the heavy sea and the sinking of the vessel, now rapidly lowering astern. Happily many of the occupants were rescued by the other boats, but some, I am sorry to say, perished.

A Brave Quartermaster.

"One of our quartermasters, who had his arm broken, was among those struggling in the water. Notwithstanding his suffering, he got hold of a woman and child, and kept them up until we rescued them. There was no time to think about anything but your duty, and everyone of us did as much as we could for the passengers.

"In the lowering of our boat one of the seamen had his fingers badly smashed, but 'stuck it' until we got her clear. The engine-room staff did their part well. Some of the engineers and firemen indeed met their death at the post of duty.

"Captain Henderson and the officers were among the last to leave the vessel. As the California began to disappear they took to the sea, and were picked up by the boats. I have had considerable experience of seagoing, but I want to forget much of what I witnessed on Wednesday morning.

AMONG THE MISSING.

Photo of J. Murray, a greaser on board the California, who is among the missing. He had been five years on the boat, and resided at 66 M'Alpine Street, Glasgow.

A PECULIAR COINCIDENCE.

John Mather (36), a steward of the California, who is among the missing. He is the eldest son of Mrs Mather, 421 Gallowgate, Glasgow, and had been sailing with the California for the past fifteen months. By a peculiar coincidence his younger brother, William Mather, was a steward on board the Anchor Liner Caledonia, torpedoed on 4th December last, but escaped without injury.

Our photo shows Mrs Little and her children, John and Margaret. The mother and boy were drowned, and Margaret, with her sister May and a baby brother, were saved.

TWO MEN KILLED NEAR AIRDRIE.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT QUARRY.

SHOT GOES OFF PREMATURELY.

Airdrie, Saturday Night.

A serious accident occurred in Brownieside Whinstone Quarry, just outside the eastern boundary of Airdrie, this afternoon, by which two men lost their lives.

It appears that a hole had been bored in the rock of the quarry face, into which 130 lbs. of powder had been put. As is the custom, the shot firers did not come to light the fuse till all the men had quitted the quarry for the week-end, so that the shot would dislodge the rock without risk of danger.

It is presumed, however, that on this occasion the shot had gone off prematurely, as one of the workmen employed in the neighbouring quarry of Craighead had been notified by his brother when the shot was due to go off, and as it failed to go off at the time arranged, he went to the quarry to see what was wrong.

Shot Goes Off.

To his horror he found that the shot had gone off, and neither of the two men could be seen. He eventually found the body of one of them, Alex. M'Donald, fifty years of age, and married, assistant fireman, Marshall's Land, Plains, lying on the outskirts of the fall of rock, partly covered.

Rescue Party Organised.

He called for assistance, there being nobody about the quarry, and at length Dr Love, Airdrie, came on the scene, and a rescue party was organised to search for the body of the other man, whose name is Duncan M'Arthur (44), shot-firer, residing at 11 Drumgelloch Street, Airdrie, also married.

After a couple of hours' digging away the fallen debris and rock the body of M'Arthur was found. He was the brother of the man who came on the scene first and made the discovery of what had happened.

The ambulance had been requisitioned, but was countermanded, there being no one else involved in the accident. The quarry, and also that of Craighead, in the near neighbourhood, is being worked by the United Collieries, Limited.

RETURNED SOLDIER MINERS

Condemning the Miners' Leaders.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

At a general meeting of the Cartshore and district miners, held at Croy to-day, a resolution was unanimously passed condemning the coalmasters and the miners' leaders for their action in connection with the recent claim by the miners for an increase in wages. It was decided to forward the resolution to the Executive of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union.

There was considerable discussion regarding the inability of former miners, who had returned from active service, to secure suitable work at their old occupation. After going to the front and doing their bit, it was stated that they were paid two or three shillings less per day than men who had never been out of the country.

MILITARY WEDDING AT ANNAN.

Annan, Saturday.

A military wedding which excited a great amount of interest in Lower Annandale was solemnised to-day in Greenknowe Parish Church, Annan, in presence of a large congregation.

The contracting couple were Miss Agnes Elizabeth Dora Violet Scott, third daughter of Mr Alex. Scott, S.S.C., and Mrs Scott, St John's, Annan, and Mr Charles Donald Caird, second-lieutenant, Royal Engineers, son of Mr Charles Randolph Caird, Gosforth, Northumberland.

The officiating clergyman was the Rev. J. C. Thomson, minister of Greenknowe Church. The best man was Lieut. Malcolm Eloner, South Lancashire Regiment, and the bridesmaids were Miss Patricia Scott, sister of the bride, and Miss Gertie Shepherd, North Berwick.

The service was choral, and after the ceremony a reception was given at St John's.

GLASGOW AND THE WAR LOAN.

THE CITY'S ANSWER—A HUNDRED MILLIONS.

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY'S BIG INVESTMENT.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

What is Glasgow likely to subscribe to the new War Loan all told? The question is an exceedingly interesting one, but, like many another, it is more easily asked than answered.

One gentleman who has his finger on the pulse of the money market expressed the opinion that the aggregate subscribed all over the country already exceeded £1,000,000,000, of which Glasgow was responsible for at least a tenth of the total—if conversions of existing stock be included in the total

"It is your money or their lives," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the course of the stirring appeal he made in Glasgow a week or two ago, and Glasgow has seen to it that, as far as she is concerned, it will not be their lives. Obviously it is a very difficult matter to estimate, even approximately, the answer of the Second City in terms of £ s d, but the nine-figure total for Glasgow and the ten-figure grand aggregate are suggested by a commercial gentleman whose business does not thrive upon unjustified optimism.

Flooding the City with Literature.

The Corporation, having taken the matter up, are acting with accustomed zeal. Not only are they showing a splendid example by their magnificent subscription of two millions sterling, but they are doing everything possible to bring the responsibility home to the individual citizens.

Monday morning will see the city literally flooded with War Loan literature, the city car and the machinery of the Tramways Department being utilised for so much else that is superlatively good. Leaflets will be in all the cars on Monday morning, and they will also be placed in the district free libraries, where the citizens can admire the simplicity of the scheme.

What cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public is that everybody should subscribe to the maximum extent. There is a saying that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, but the Victory War Loan is essentially everybody's business with a capital "B," and your £5 may increase the total from £1,999,999,995 to £2,000,000,000. "It is your money or their lives"—so do it now.

VICTORY LOAN DAY AT ABERDEEN.

Novel Appeals: Stirring Speech By Lord Strathclyde.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

A week of great War Loan activity concluded in Aberdeen to-day, when a special effort in a variety of directions was made by way of popularising the scheme.

Quite a number of unique methods were adopted to focus the attention of the citizens upon the laudable cause. At the junction of Union Terrace and Union Street were two streamers picturesquely decorated, counselling citizens to support the Victory Loan.

One of the city tramcars, profusedly decorated with flags and bunting, toured the principal thoroughfares, with the Oakbank Industrial School Boys' Pipe Band on board discoursing patriotic airs, while in the evening the car was brilliantly illuminated.

A specially attractive poster adorning the inside of the cars ran thus:—

Can't you hear your country's call, Aberdeen?
On deaf ears don't let it fall, Aberdeen.
For your conscience cannot rest
Till your money you invest.
Show your patriotism; here's the test, Aberdeen.

Special interest centred to-day in the meeting addressed by Lord Strathclyde in the Town and County Hall.

His Lordship said the Government appealed to the whole nation, and it was intended to raise the signal to the whole world, the signal which could not be mistaken, the signal of Great Britain's limitless material, resources, and the boundless staying powers of the British people.

If the new War Loan was a stupendous and overwhelming success, which it ought to be, and which it must be, it would do more than all to bring the calamitous war to a speedy end.

Principal Sir Geo. Adam Smith, in supporting the appeal, made the interesting announcement that the University had decided to place with the Government all available funds of which they were trustees, making with new money to be given a total contribution £103,000.

FIFE MINERS' INVEST £5000.

Dunfermline, Saturday Night.

At a meeting of the Executive of the Fife and Kinross Miners' Association to-day it was unanimously agreed to invest £5000 of the funds in the War Loan.

A VALUABLE CIGAR-BOX.

Leith, Saturday.

At a big War Loan demonstration last night Bailie Goalen, chairman of the Leith War Savings Association, said that in one of the Leith schools the other day a pupil handed the headmaster a cigar box. The master thought he was getting a box of cigars. Imagine his astonishment when on opening the box he found it to contain £50 sent by the boy's mother to be invested in War Savings Certificates.

Ten of the 150 Associations in Leith have collected to date over £22,000, one association's total being £10,000.

NATIONAL SERVICE IN SCOTLAND.

PLANS FOR A GREAT CAMPAIGN.

THE QUESTION OF UNNECESSARY TRADES.

London, Saturday Night.

The Secretary for Scotland states that the Prime Minister thinks it desirable that a central body for Scotland, to be known as the Scottish Parliamentary National Service Meetings Committee, should be established to help in the National Service recruiting movement.

It has already been suggested by Mr Munro that the local recruiting committees could with advantage utilise the services of the officials of the local political organisations, and he now calls attention to the establishment of the Central Committee in order that full advantage may be taken of the assistance which they are willing to render to local committees in the conduct of the recruiting campaign.

Many members of Parliament have placed their services at the disposal of the Committee, who will be prepared to make arrangements for speakers to attend recruiting meetings organised by local committees.

All applications for speakers should be addressed to the Secretaries,, the Scottish Parliamentary National Service Meetings Committee, 95 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

GLASGOW MAKES A GOOD START.

Very Satisfactory Results So Far.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A good start has already been made in Glasgow in connection with volunteering for National Service, and it is hoped that in the course of the present week, when details of the scheme come to be better known, results even more satisfactory will be obtained.

Compared with the present scheme voluntary attestation for military service was a comparatively simple matter. In that case the question was simply one of offering for military service, but in the present scheme there are many considerations to be taken into account before any large body of men can be transferred from one trade or one place to another.

Obviously it is a somewhat invidious task for a person or a body of persons to put their finger on a specific trade and say "That is an unnecessary trade and one that must be closed and the workers released for work of greater importance from a national point of view." But that is something like what will be going on if the present call to undertake voluntary service does not meet with an adequate response.

The Shadow of Compulsion.

If a man employed in pushing the sale of sweets, or wallpaper, or fancy goods happens to possess even a limited knowledge of agricultural work it is obvious that his transfer to the land would be in the national interest, and there are many analogous cases which will present themselves to the mind.

As has been indicated, if volunteers do not come forward in sufficient numbers then compulsion must be resorted to in matters industrial just as in matters military.

Inquirers should go to a Labour Exchange to obtain the necessary form, and there assistance can also be had in the filling in of the answers of the queries. For those who do not care to patronise the Labour Exchange halls are to be set apart in different districts of the city in connection with the scheme, but the detailed arrangements will not be available for a day or two.

LEITH PROVOST CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Leith, Saturday.

Leith Town Council, in response to a letter from the Secretary of Scotland on the subject of National Service, have decided to give the use of offices in the Town Hall for the enrolment of volunteers and to provide clerical assistance.

In the course of an appeal to the public of Leith sent out to-day, Provost Smith asks every man to come forward and volunteer for work of national importance—"In this period of grave national crisis there is no time to be lost; men, shells, ships, and food must be provided. You can help; do not wait. The success of the national cause depends upon you as an individual. . . . I rely on every man in Leith to come forward at once and volunteer his services to help to bring the national cause to a speedy and triumphant issue.—Malcolm Smith, Provost."

PAISLEY AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

Paisley, Saturday.

The response to the call for voluntary workers under the National Service Scheme has not been very great in Paisley so far. This is explained by the fact that the great proportion of the population is already engaged on work which is deemed of national importance. Adequate arrangements are being made by the local Labour Exchange to deal with applications. No suggestion has yet been made of a house-to-house visitation such as has been resorted to in several other places.

ROSNEATH CHURCH AND THE WAR LOAN.

Rosneath, Saturday.

The Kirk Session of the Rosneath Parish Church have made two investments in the War Loan. The church have several bequests, and one of these, for £100, has been lodged at 4½ per cent., while another sum for the same amount has also been invested in the Four-and-a-Half stock.

WOMAN AND GIRL FATALLY BURNED.

MOTHER'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

Airdrie, Saturday.

The woman Mary O'Rourke or M'Gonigle or Hamil, fifty-nine years of age, who was seriously burned by the upsetting of a paraffin lamp in her house at Hillside Terrace, Main Street, Chapelhall, has succumbed to her injuries in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. She had stumbled against the table, upsetting the lamp, her clothing catching fire, and burning her very severely on the lower parts of the body.

A girl named Bethea M'Gleish, twelve years of age, daughter of James M'Gleish, a soldier, stationed at Leith with the Home Garrison Battalion, is to-day reported from the Glasgow Royal Infirmary to have died of burns sustained in her father's house early yesterday morning.

The girl had got up at 3.50 a.m. to light the fire in order to prepare food for her brother, who was going out to his work. Her mother lay a helpless paralytic in bed, and when the girl's clothing was caught by the flame she was trying to fan into a blaze in the grate the mother was unable to give the least assistance. The girl ran out and wakened the neighbours, who came to her aid, extinguishing the flames and fetching the doctor. The shock to her system, however, proved too serious, and she was not long in the infirmary when she succumbed.

ACCOMPLISHED TOMMIES.

Irvine Chaplain's Experiences.

Irvine, Saturday.

Rev. James Wishart, of Fullarton United Free Church, who is a chaplain with the forces in France, gives some interesting news in a lengthy letter addressed to his congregation. He says he found in a rough billet in the barracks a wealthy English squire roughing it as a private. The linguistic ability of the Tommies is astonishing. Some speak French and German with great fluency; one, who was a Vice-Consul in Russia, speaks French, German, Russian, Polish, and Hungarian, and, with all his accomplishments, is content with a shilling a day! Another man in the ranks is a large employer in London, and pays an allowance to his foreman, who is in the same battalion, and has higher rank!

THRILLING WAR INCIDENT

Related by Noted Cleric.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

After his return from the front the Rev. Dr Kelman told a large audience in the U.F. Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, this evening his experiences and impressions in the war zone. Lord Guthrie presided.

Amongst the interesting incidents Dr Kelman observed at the front was one in which a "sausage" balloon played a thrilling part. The balloon ascended for observation purposes, but when it was well up in the air it was caught by the enemy's fire and set alight. The men in the balloon, however, did not lose their heads.

One by one, and without unnecessary haste, they jumped from the balloon, each clinging to a parachute, and descended safely to earth, to the admiration and thankfulness of their comrades.

PAISLEY POLICEMAN FALLS.

Furnace, Saturday.

Mrs M'Callum has received official intimation that her son, Sergeant David M'Callum, has died of wounds received in France. After leaving school he was employed in the local quarries, but afterwards joined the Paisley Police Force, where, as in Furnace, he was a great favourite amongst his companions. After the outbreak of war he joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and owing to his sterling qualities his promotion was rapid. Sergeant M'Callum's brother, Archie, is in the navy.

DUNOON BOYS' BURGLARY

COMPANIONS TURN KING'S EVIDENCE.

Dunoon, Saturday.

The story relating to the burglary of an ice-cream shop in Hillfoot Street, Dunoon, tenanted by an Italian named Ralph Thomas, was told in Dunoon Sheriff Court to-day, when Tague Gallacher (17), a flesher's apprentice, admitted the deed after his companions had turned King's evidence.

According to the Fiscal (Mr A. R. Nimmo), accused met two other lads, and when passing the back premises of the shop suggested it would be a good place to enter. The other boys were scared, but Gallacher met them again, and they went back.

Accused broke the window with a stone, and then they ran away, as accused said it might attract someone. They afterwards returned, and the other boys being used as scouts on the lookout, accused raised the window and entered.

He forced the cash drawer with an axe and extracted 13s 1d. He also took cigarettes. One boy received 2s and a packet of cigarettes and the other 1s and a packet of cigarettes. Accused then visited the picture house.

Accused's agent stated that the boy's father was in the army, and the father was anxious that the boy should have a chance of going to the navy. His two companions had turned King's evidence.

The Sheriff remarked that if the boy had not been before him there would have been no talk of the navy. On account of his youth he would allow a fine, and the penalty would be £4, or thirty days, with fourteen days to pay.

BROXBURN MINER AND HIS WIFE.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

A Broxburn miner's wife who went off with another man sixteen or seventeen years ago was divorced in the Court of Session to-day.

The action was at the instance of William Meikle, a miner, now residing at 105 North High Street, Musselburgh, against Isabella Prentice Gray or Meikle, whose address he did not know.

Meikle (53) stated in evidence that he married the defender in December, 1893, and they took up residence at Broxburn. The married life was happy until about 1900, when a change came over their relations owing to the defender's conduct. In particular witness had to complain of her relations with a certain man. She did not deny that she was "carrying on" with the man. Witness determined to leave the neighbourhood, and went to look for a house elsewhere. When he returned he found that the defender had removed across the road to live with the other man. She cohabited with him, and afterwards went to Glasgow with him. That was about sixteen or seventeen years ago.

Other evidence was given in support of the pursuer's case by witnesses, who said that Mrs Meikle had been visiting Addiewell with three children. She stayed at Addiewell with the other man's people.

Lord Anderson held infidelity proved, and pronounced decree of divorce.

LOCH LOMOND FROST-BOUND.

Steamer Forces Passage Through Ice.

Alexandria, Saturday.

Owing to the intense frost which prevailed at Loch Lomondside between Friday night and this morning there was a sheet of ice on Loch Lomond to-day in the lower reaches which extended from the Boturich Castle estate shore to the Cameron estate shore on the other side of the loch. The steamer, however, forced a passage through the ice on its journey up the loch. The frost has to be exceptionally keen before Loch Lomond takes on a good sheet of ice.

BOY KILLED BY HORSE TAKING FRIGHT.

SAD FATALITY AT LOCKERBIE FARM.

Lockerbie, Saturday.

A sad acident occurred yesterday afternoon at the farm of Muirhouse, near Lockerbie, resulting in the death of Hugh Howat, a boy of nine years of age, and only son of Mr Robert Howat, the tenant of the farm.

The boy's uncle was engaged carting out farmyard manure to the fields, and had returned for another load. He backed the cart into the shed, and the boy was standing at the shed door. The horse took fright, and ran back, pinning the boy against the side of the door. Death was instantaneous.

THRESHING-MILL FATALITY.

Dalbeattie, Saturday.

A sad fatality occurred last night at the farm of Chapelcroft, near Palnackie, tenanted by Mr Stevenson.

A traction engine and threshing mill were engaged threshing corn at the farm, and a large number of hands were employed, including James Dunning, farm labourer, sixty-two years of age.

As the mill was leaving the farm at night one of the wheels ran up the bank, with the result that the mill toppled over, and before Dunning could get out of the way it fell on the top of him. Death was instantaneous. Deceased is survived by a widow and three of a family.

PAISLEY LIQUOR PRICES INCREASED.

Paisley, Saturday.

The prices of alcoholic liquors were revised at a meeting of the Paisley and District Licensed Trade Association held to-day.

With the exception of brandy and claret, it was decided to fix the same prices as have been agreed to in Glasgow, viz., whisky, rum, and gin, 1s 4d per gill, 6s 6d per bottle, 3s 4d per half-bottle; port and sherry, 1s per gill, 5s per bottle; draught beer and stout, 6d per pint, 3d per half-pint, 4d per schooner; bottled beer and stout, including Burton, London, Dublin, and all other stouts, and also lager, 6d per reputed pint, 6s per dozen; large bottled beer and stout, 6d per bottle, 6s per dozen. Brandy will be 1s 8d per gill and 7s 6d per bottle. No price was fixed for claret. The new tariff comes into operation on Monday.

SCOTS-CANADIAN SERGEANT KILLED.

Dalkeith, Saturday.

Sergeant John S. Cavanagh, Canadian Infantry, formerly of Peebles, a son-in-law of Mr John Scott, bookseller, Dalkeith, is officially reported killed. He had been missing since June last year. He was for some years a member of the Midlothian police force stationed at Dalkeith. He connected himself with the Lake Superior Regiment on going out to Canada, where he rose to the rank of colour-sergeant. In his great desire to get to the fighting line he had enlisted as a private in the Canadian Infantry, and after getting to the trenches was again promoted to the position of sergeant. He was thirty-three years of age, and married a Dalkeith lady.

BO'NESS' FINAL EFFORT FOR WAR LOAN.

Bo'ness, Saturday.

The Central War Savings Committee are conducting a vigorous campaign at Bo'ness in order to increase the burgh's contribution to the War Loan. During the past few days several new War Savings Associations have been formed in connection with public works in the town. Within a very brief period a sum of £1000 has been invested in small sums, and the officials are endeavouring to at least double that sum before next Friday.

37 GERMAN PRISONERS

CAPTURED BY TWO GORDONS.

ABERDEEN SOLDIER'S THRILLING STORY.

London, Saturday.

A glimpse of the wintry warfare on the Western front and the part played therein by the Gordon Highlanders is afforded by an Aberdeenshire motor-cyclist despatch rider.

Interviewed en route for his home, he said:—Over there there is a general tuning up after the comparative inactivity of the winter campaign, and our lads are looking forward to the future with the utmost confidence. The winter campaign this year has been more exciting than either of the two that preceded it. We have been harrying the Huns night and day, and the Gordon Highlanders have had their share in that work.

I spent, he said, one of the most exciting weeks of the winter with the Gordons. During that period they carried out a number of successful raids, and kept the Germans on tenterhooks all the time. In one of these raids our men got as far as the German third line, where they stayed long enough to do all the damage they could, and then they walked leisurely back unmolested by the foe.

An Amusing Incident.

One very funny incident occurred in the first line. Most of the enemy were asleep when our troops entered, and when we got into one dugout we encountered an angry non-commissioned officer, who had just got up from a sound sleep, and wanted to know what his men meant by bringing British prisoners in there instead of taking them to the proper place.

His men could not help laughing at his mistake, but when things were explained to him he did not quite see the joke. In fact, he flew into a violent rage, and it was with some difficulty he was carried away.

It was due to the enterprise of the Gordons that one of the biggest raids ever planned by the Germans came to nought. Apparently they had been preparing for it for weeks, and four days before it was timed to come off they bombarded our trenches night and day almost without respite. Word of the projected raid reached us in good time, and the Gordons set to work to give the Huns as warm a welcome as the wintry weather would permit.

Luring On the Germans.

In front of our position was a frozen-over swamp where the ice had the appearance of being thick enough to bear any weight, but was in reality not capable of standing a great strain. Under cover of darkness the Gordons threw rubbish at the approach to this marshy ground to hide the danger from the enemy. The Huns came along just after midnight. They were rigged out in white sheets. We let them come right up to the edge of the marsh before we made any sign of discovering the attack.

Then we opened fire. The enemy thought they had nothing more to do than rush across that narrow strip of ice. They rushed for all they were worth, but before they had gone twenty yards there was a terrible crash, followed by a splash, and soon the raiding party were floundering in ice-cold water up to the waists. When they got out there was not much fight in them. They came running towards our parapet with uplifted hands, chanting the "Mercy, kamerade" chorus, and begging us to take them in before they were frozen to death.

In one raid two Gordons captured between the.n thirty-seven prisoners and brought them back in spite of an attempted rescue by a fairly large body of Huns. Another Gordon visited the German trenches on his own, and brought back one prisoner, after killing six of the enemy and blowing up a dugout.

INVERNESS SOLICITOR DEAD.

Inverness, Saturday.

Many in the Highlands will regret to learn that Mr H. Vary Maccallum, the well-known Inverness solicitor, has passed away. Although not in good health the end came suddenly.

As Unionist agent Mr Maccallum journeyed all over Inverness-shire on election days, and made friends both with political foes and supporters. For the past twenty-seven years he has been associated with Mr John Smith Fraser in business.

Deceased, who leaves a widow, was only fifty-eight years of age, and was the second son of the late Rev. Duncan Maccallum, parish minister of Durinish.

MINERS AMALGAMATE IN THREE COUNTIES.

Dunfermline, Saturday Night.

An important step has been taken to amalgamate the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan Miners' Associations.

The project, which will result in the formation of an exceptionally strong and wealthy Trade Union, was decided at the monthly meeting of the Fife and Kinross Miners' Executive this afternoon.

The affairs of the Amalgamated Miners will henceforth be conducted at Dunfermline, and Mr James Cook, who has for many years been secretary for the Clackmannan Association, will become the official of the united Associations.

GREENOCK SOLDIER KILLED.

Greenock, Saturday.

Official information was to-day received of the death at the front of Private John M'Knight, Cameron Highlanders, who was a master hairdresser in town. He closed his shop for the duration of the war. Private M'Knight took part in recent fighting and was killed in action. A brother has been admitted to hospital suffering from shell shock.

CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE CALIFORNIA.

Some of the crew of the California, photographed on their arrival in Glasgow. Inset is Capt. Henderson.

". . . Only when the fields and roads are sufficiently dry will the favourable moment have come for an advance. . . ."—Extract from Official Despatch.

BETWEEN THE LINES (The Promise of Spring).

By BOYD CABLE

In view of the approach of great events on the western front this description of "The Promise of Spring," by Mr Boyd Cable, an officer now serving in France, is singularly appropriate. The serial publication of "Between the Lines" has been secured for our readers by special arrangement with the author and the Publishers Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co.

"Only when the fields and roads are sufficiently dry will the favourable moment have come for an advance."—Extract from Official Despatch.

IT is Sunday, and the regiment marching out towards the firing line and its turn of duty in the trenches meets on the road every now and then a peasant woman on her way to church.

Some of the women are young and pretty, some old and wrinkled and worn; they walk alone or in couples or threes, but all alike are dressed in black, and all alike tramp slowly, dully, without spring to their step. Over them the sun shines in a blue sky, round them the birds sing, and the trees and fields spread green and fresh; the flush of healthy spring is on the countryside, the promise of warm, full-blooded summer pulses in the air.

But there is no hint of spring or summer in the sad-eyed faces or the listless, slow movements of the women. It is a full dozen miles to the firing line, and to eye or ear, unless one knows where and how to look and listen, there is no sign of anything but peace and pleasant life in the surroundings.

But these black-clad women do know—know that the cool green clump of trees over on the hillside hides a roofless ruin with fire-blackened walls; that the church spire that for all their lives they had seen ut there over the sky-line is no longer isible because it lies shell-smitten to a umbled heap of brick and stone and mor-ar; that the glint of white wood and spot f scarlet yonder in the field is the rough ooden cross with a képi on top marking he grave of a soldier of France; that down n the hollow just out of sight are over a core of those cap-crowned crosses; that a road belt of those graves runs unbroken cross this sunlit face of France.

The Red Wrath of War.

They know, too, that those dull booms hat travel faintly to the ear are telling lain of more graves and of more women hat will wear black. It is little wonder hat there are few smiles to be seen on the ces of these women by the wayside. They ave seen and heard the red wrath of war, ot in the pictures of the illustrated papers, ot in the cinema shows, not even by the ord-of-mouth tales of chance men who ave been in it, but at first-hand, with their wn eyes and ears, in the leaping flames of urning homes, in the puffing white clouds the shrapnel, the black spouting smoke the high explosive, in the deafening under of the guns, the yelling shells, the ash of falling walls, the groans of ounded men, the screams of frightened ildren. Some of them may have seen the attered hulks of men borne past on the gging stretchers; all of them have seen e laden ambulance waggons and motors awling slowly back to the hospitals.

And of these women you do not say, as u would of our women at home, that they ay perhaps have friend or relation, a son, brother, a husband, a lover, at the front. ou say with certainty they have one or her of these, and may have all; that every n they know of an age between, say, hteen and forty, is serving his country the field or in the workshops—and mostly the field—if so be they are still alive to ve.

The men in the marching khaki regiment ow all these things, and there are respect d sympathy in the glances and the greet-s that pass from them to the women. They're good plucked 'uns," they tell h other, and wonder how our women at me would shape at this game, and ether they would go on living in a house t was next door to one blown to pieces a shell yesterday, and keep on working fields where hardly a day passed without hell screaming overhead; whether they'd go about their work as best they could six days a week and then to church on nday.

The Friendly Greeting.

wo women, one young and lissom, the er bent and frail and clinging with her arm to the erect figure beside her, stand e close to the ditch and watch the regi-t tramp by.

Cheer up, mother," one man calls. e're goin' to shift the Boshies out for ," and "Bong jewer," says another, ing his hand. Another pulls a sprig of from his cap and thrusts it out as he es. "Souvenir!" he says lightly, and young woman catches the blossom and s herself up, with her eyes sparkling, calls "Bonne chance, Messieurs. o-o-d luck."

e repeats the words over and over the regiment passes, and the men er, "Bong chawnse" and "Good luck," such scraps of French as they know—or k they know. The women stand in the hine and watch them long after they have passed, and then turn slowly and move on to their church and their prayers.

The regiment tramps on. It moves with the assured stamp and swing of men who know themselves and know their game, and have confidence in their strength and fitness. Their clothes are faded and weather-stained, their belts and straps and equipments chafed and worn, the woodwork of their rifles smooth of butt and shiny of hand-grip from much using and cleaning.

Back to the Firing Line.

Their faces bronzed and weather-beaten, and with a dew of perspiration just damping their foreheads—where men less fit would be streaming sweat—are full-cheeked and glowing with health, and cheek and chin razored clean and smooth as a guardsman's going on church parade.

The whole regiment looks fresh and well-set-up and clean-cut, satisfied with the day and not bothering about the morrow, magnificently strong and healthy, carelessly content and happy, not anxious to go out of its way to find a fight, but impossible to move aside from its way by the fight that does find it—all of which is to say it looks exactly what it is, a British regiment of the regular line, war-hardened by eight or nine months' fighting, moving up from a four-days' rest back into the firing line.

It is fairly early in the day, and the sun, although it is bright enough to bring out the full colour of the green grass and trees, the yellow laburnum, and the purple lilac, is not hot enough to make marching uncomfortable.

The road, a main route between two towns, is paved with flat cobbles about the size of large bricks, and bordered mile after mile with tall poplars. There are farms and hamlets and villages strung close along the road, and round and about all these houses are women and children and many men in khaki, a few dogs, some pigs perhaps, and near the farms plenty of poultry.

By most of the farms, too, are orchards and fruit trees in blossom, and in some of these lines of horses are ranked or waggons are parked, sheltered by the trees from aerial observation. For all this, it must be remembered, is far enough back from the firing line to be beyond the reach of any but the longest-range guns—guns so big that they are not likely to waste some tons of shells on the off chance of hitting an encampment and disabling few or many horses or waggons.

The Halt for Dinner.

Towards noon the regiment swings off the road and halts in a large orchard; rifles are stood aside, equipments and packs are thrown off, tunics unbuttoned and flung open or off, and the men drop with puffing sighs of satisfaction on the springy turf under the shade of the fruit trees.

The "travelling cookers" rumble up, and huge cauldrons of stew and potatoes are slung off, carried to the different companies, and served steaming hot to the hungry men. A boon among boons these same cookers, less so perhaps now that the warm weather is here, but a blessing beyond price in the bitter cold and constant wet of the past winter, when a hot meal served without waiting kept heart in many men, and even life itself in some. Their fires were lit before the regiment broke camp this morning, and the dinners have been jolting over the long miles since sun-up, cooking as comfortably and well as they would in the best-appointed camp or barrack cook-house.

The men eat mightily, then light their pipes and cigarettes, and loll at their ease. The trees are masses of clustering pink and white blossom; the grass is carpeted thick with the white of fallen petals, and splashed with sunlight and shade

A few slow-moving clouds drift lazily across the blue sky; the big, fat bees drone their sleepy song amongst the blossoms; the birds rustle and twitter amongst the leaves and flit from bough to bough. It would be hard to find a more peaceful picture in any country steeped in the most profound peace.

"The Well-Oiled Machine."

There is not one jarring note—until the "honk, honk" of a motor is followed by the breathless panting whirr of the engine, and a big car flashes down the road and past, travelling at the topmost of its top speed. There is just time to glimpse the khaki hood and the thick scarlet cross blazing on a white circle, and the car is gone. Empty as it is, it is moving fast, and with luck and a clear road it will be well inside the danger zone at the back door of the trenches in less than twenty minutes. In half an hour perhaps it will have picked up its full load, and be sliding back smoothly and gently down the cobbled road, swinging carefully now to this side to avoid some scattered bricks, now to that to dodge a shell-hole patched with gravel, driven down as tenderly and gently as it was driven up fiercely and recklessly.

Presently there are a few quiet orders, a few minutes' stir and movement, a shifting to and fro of khaki against the green and pink and white . . . and the companies have fallen in and stand in straight ruled ranks. A pause, a sharp order or two, and the quick staccato of "numbering off" ripples swiftly down the lines; another pause, another order, the long ranks blur and melt, harden and halt instantly in a new shape; and evenly and steadily the ranked fours swing off, turn out into the road, and go tramping down between the poplars.

There has been no flurry, no hustle, no confusion. The whole thing has moved with the smoothness and precision and effortless ease of a properly-adjusted, well-oiled machine—which, after all, is just what the regiment is. The pace is apparently leisurely, or even lazy, but it eats up the miles amazingly, and it can be kept up with the shortest of halts from dawn to dusk.

The Hidden Field Battery.

As the miles unwind behind the regiment the character of the country begins to change. There are fewer women and children to be seen now; there are more roofless buildings, more house-fronts gaping doorless and windowless, more walls with ragged rents, and tumbled heaps of brick lying under the yawning black holes. But the grass is still green and the trees thick with foliage, the fields neatly ploughed and tilled and cultivated, with here and there a staring notice planted on the edge of a field, where the long, straight drills are sprinkled with budding green—"Crops sown. Do not walk here."

Altogether there is little sign of the heavy hand of war upon the country, and such signs as there are remain unobtrusive and wrapped up in springing verdure and bloom and blossom. Even the trapping of war, the fighting machine itself, wears a holiday or—at most—an Easter-peace-manœuvre appearance. A heavy battery has its guns so carefully concealed, so bowered in green, that it is only the presence of the lounging gunners and close, searching looks that reveal a few inches of muzzle peering out towards the hill crest in front.

Scattered about behind the guns, covered with beautiful green turf, shadowed by growing trees, are the dwelling-places of the gunners, deep "dug-outs," with no visible sign of their existence except the square, black hole of the doorway. Out in the open a man sits with a pair of field-glasses sweeping the sky. He is the aeroplane lookout, and at the first sign of a distant speck in the sky or the drone of an engine he blows shrilly on his whistle; every man dives to earth or under cover, and remains motionless until the whistle signals all clear again. An enemy aeroplane might drop to within pistol shot and search for an hour without finding a sign of the battery

The Recreation of the Gunners.

When the regiment swerves off the main road and moves down a winding side-track over open fields, past tree-encircled farms, and along by thick-leaved hedges, it passes more of these Jack-in-the-Green concealed batteries. All wear the same look of happy and indolent ease.

Near one is a stream, and the gunners are bathing in an artificially-made pool, plunging and splashing in showers of glistening drops. They are like schoolboys at a picnic. It seems utterly ridiculous to think that they are grim fighting men whose business in life for months past and for months to come is to kill and kill, and to be killed themselves if such is the fortune of war.

Another battery of field artillery passes on the road. But even here, shorn of their concealing greenery, in all the bare working-and-ready-for-business apparel of "marching order," there is little to suggest real war. Drivers and gunners are spruce and neat and clean; the horses are sleek and well fed and groomed till their skins shine like satin in the sun; the harness is polished and speckless; bits and stirrup-irons and chains and all the scraps of steel and brass twinkle and wink in bright and shining splendour. The ropes of the traces—the last touch of pride in perfection this, surely—are scrubbed and whitened. The whole battery is as spick and span, as complete and immaculate, as if it were waiting to walk into the arena at the Naval and Military Tournament.

The Change Over.

Such scrupulous perfection on active service sounds perhaps unnecessary or even extravagant. But the teams, remember, have been for weeks past luxuriating in comfortable ease miles back in their "waggon-line" billets, where the horses have done nothing for days on end but feed and grow fat, and the drivers nothing but clean up and look after their teams and harness. If the guns up in the firing line had to shift position it has meant no more to the teams than a break of the monotony for a day or two, a night or two's marching, and a return to the rear.

It is afternoon now, and the regiment is drawing near to the trenches. The slanting sun begins to throw long shadows from the poplars. The open fields are covered with tall grass and hay that moves in long, slow, undulating waves under the gentle breeze that is rising. The sloping light falling on them gives the waves an extraordinary resemblance to the lazy swell on a summer sea. Here and there the fields are splashed with broad bands of vivid colour—the blazing scarlet of poppies, the glowing cloth-of-gold of yellow mustard, the rich, deep, splendid blue of cornflowers.

For one or two miles past the track has been plainly marked by signposts bearing directions to the various trenches and their entrances. Now, at a parting of the main track a group of "guides"—men from the regiment being relieved from the trenches—wait the incoming regiment.

Company by company, platoon by platoon, the regiment moves off to the appointed places, and by company and platoon the outcoming regiment gathers up its belongings and moves out. In most parts of the firing line these changes would only be made after dark. But this section bears the reputation of being a "peaceful" one, the Germans opposite of being "tame," so the reliefs are made in daytime, more or less in safety. There has been no serious fighting here for months. Constant sniping and bickering between the forward firing trenches has, of course, always gone on, but there has been no attack one way or the other, little shell-fire, and few aeroplanes over.

Settling Down.

The companies that "take over" the support trenches get varied instructions and advice about tending the plants and flowers round the dug-outs and watering the mustard-and-cress box. They absorb the advice, strip their accoutrements and tunics, roll up their shirt-sleeves, and open the throats, fish out soap and towels from their packs, and proceed to the pump to lather and wash copiously. The companies for the forward trench march down interminable communication trenches, distribute themselves along the parapet, and also absorb advice from the outgoing tenants—advice of the positions of enemy snipers, the hours when activity and when peace may be expected, the specially "unhealthy" spots, where a sniper's bullet or a bomb must be watched for, the angles and loopholes that give the best look-out.

The trenches are deep and well made, the parapets solidly constructed. For four days or six, or as many as the regiment remains "in," the range of the men's vision will be the walls of the trench, the piled sandbags, the inside of their dug-outs, and a view (taken in peeps through a loophole or reflected in a periscope mirror) of about fifty to a hundred yards of "neutral ground" and the German parapet beyond. The neutral ground is covered with a jungle of coarse grass, edged on both sides with a tangle of barbed wire.

Close to the German parapet are a few black, huddled heaps—dead Germans, shot down while out in a working party on the wire at night, and left there to rot, and some killed in their own trench and tumbled out over the parapet by their own comrades. The drowsy silence is broken at long intervals by a rifle shot; a lark pours out a stream of joyful, thrilling song.

. . . . . .

The Promise of Spring.

A mile or two back from the firing line a couple of big motor cars swing over the crest of a gentle rise, swoop down into the dip, and halt suddenly. A little group of men with scarlet staff-bands on their caps and tabs on their collars climb out of the cars and move off the track into the grass of the hollow. They prod sticks at the ground, stamp on it, dig a heel in, to test its hardness and dryness.

The General looks round. "This is about as low-lying a spot as we have on this part of the front," he says to his Chief of Staff. "If it is dry enough here it must be dry enough everywhere else."

The Chief assents, and for a space the group stands looking round the sunlit fields and up at the clear sky. But their thoughts are not of the beauties of the peaceful landscape. The words of the General are the key to all their thoughts. For them the promise of spring is a grim and a sinister thing; to them the springy green turf carpet on the fields means ground fit to bear the weight of teams and guns, dry enough to give firm foothold to the ranks of infantry charging across the death-trap of the neutral ground, where clogging, wet, slippery mud adds to the minutes under the hail of fire, and every minute there in the open means hundreds of lives lost.

The hard, dry road underfoot means merely that roads are passable for heavy guns and transport. The thick green foliage of the trees is so much cover for guns and the moving of troops and transport under concealment from air observation; the clear, blue sky promises the continuance of fine weather, the final release from the inactivity of the trenches To these men the "Promise of Spring" is the promise of the crescendo of battle and slaughter.

The General and his Staff are standing in the middle of a wide patch of poppies, spread out in a bright scarlet that matches exactly the red splashes on the brows and throats of the group. They move slowly back towards the cars, and as they walk the red ripples and swirls against their boots and about their knees.

One might imagine them wading knee-deep in a river of blood.

Next week Mr Boyd Cable will tell a vivid story of "The Advance."

On the March. Official Photograph.

NEWSY NOTES FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND

By Our Special Commissioner.

Aiding Belgium's Heroes.

Lafayette.

We don't hear much at the moment about the doings of the gallant little Belgian Army, but their time is coming. Meanwhile there are casualties every day, and in view of the peculiar position of the Belgians, without country or home, it is gratifying to know that everything is being done for the comfort of the wounded and disabled among King Albert's men. My photograph is of Mrs Edwards, 4 Great Western Terrace, Glasgow, who recently gave an "at home" in aid of disabled Belgian soldiers.

Doctor Brothers on Service.

Two Rothesay doctors who are now on service in the R.A.M.C. are Captain James S. Hall and Lieutenant Alexander Hall, sons of the late Dr A. J. Hall, formerly medical officer of health in Madeira. On the death of his father recently Captain Hall was appointed as Burgh M.O.H., but, except when on a short period of home leave, he has been unable to take up his new duties, and his younger brother has now also accepted a commission as lieutenant in the R.A.M.C. Three out of Rothesay's six doctors are on service with the army—an excellent proportion.

Of a Real Good Stock.

Captain Robert Wolrige Gordon, of the Grenadier Guards, who was awarded the Military Cross the other day for gallant conduct in the field, comes of a well-known Aberdeenshire military family, and it may be said has been associated with the army from his infancy. His father, Colonel Wolrige Gordon of Esslemont, though better known to a number in former times for the interest he took in his estate, has always had a warm side to the army, and the young officer's uncle and aunt are Brigadier-General and Lady Susan Gordon Gilmour of Liberton and Craigmillar, Edinburgh, while he has other friends occupying prominent positions in the service.

The Courageous Man for the Big Task.

Lafayette.

One of the busiest men in Scotland to-day is Mr Harry J. Wilson. Moreover, he is also one of the most courageous, for the task he has undertaken, to organise Scotland under the national service scheme, would daunt the most of us. But Mr Wilson comes of good Banffshire stock, and courage is an attribute bred in the bone in the North. Consequently, although Mr Wilson has only held his post for a few days, he has already set the vast machinery of national service in motion, and one can rely on the running being smooth and steady with Mr Wilson in control.

A Favourite With the Boys.

Dr Kelman, of St George's, Edinburgh, has no sooner returned home from a spell of duty in France than he receives an urgent call to go out again. Recognising the unique influence which Dr Kelman wields among the young men, his office-bearers have willingly consented to his leaving for a further spell of four months in France. Very probably the Doctor will also cross to America in response to a cordial invitation to lecture in the States.

Bishop of London's "Confession."

The Bishop of London, who is having a busy week-end in Glasgow, can tell a good story against himself. He is always pretty well in the limelight, but one morning—this was prior to the war—he was amazed to see on a newspaper placard—"Remarkable Statement by the Bishop of London." He had been at a temperance gathering the previous evening, and had no recollection of having said anything strong or rash. On purchasing the newspaper he discovered that the flaring line on the poster was founded on the confession "that he had never been drunk in his life."

Well Done, Glasgow!

Glasgow is doing well for the nation. £2,000,000 War Stock and over 240 War Savings Associations in the city is a record that no other community in the kingdom can equal. The War Savings Committee did a good stroke of business when they secured Sir John Lindsay's services in the promotion of national thrift. Glasgow's most genial Town Clerk is taking the keenest interest in the Associations, and in innumerable other ways, apart from his official duties, he is lending the weight of his influence and the wisdom of his counsel to war and welfare schemes.

A Lead to Scotland.

"Motherwell prides herself in being one of the most progressive towns in the kingdom, which isn't to be wondered at, considering that Steelopolis, being young, has all the vigour and vision of youth." This is a quotation from these columns, and was written some six months ago, and in view of the lead that Motherwell has given to Scotland in regard to the War Loan my statement is amply borne out.

Motherwell's Place in the Sun

It is, thanks mainly to Mr James Burns, Motherwell's town clerk for 36 years, that the Steel Town's place in the sun is due. The War Loan scheme, which has earned the "Well done" of Lord Strathclyde, is a concrete example of Mr Burns' "push and go" methods. Now every other town is following Motherwell's example, and buying stock for the benefit of small investors.

Mrs Bruce Milne's Greenock Concert.

My Greenock correspondent tells me that Mrs Bruce Milne's concert in the Sugar Town on Wednesday first is sure to be a

Lafayette.

big success, which is gratifying indeed, for the proceeds will provide comforts for the 3d Royal Scots. Mrs Bruce Milne is a most brilliant amateur elocutionist, and since the outbreak of hostilities she has consecrated her talents to war charities, and has had amazing success in raising funds.

Mrs Bruce Milne, as an American, is naturally delighted that the States are now almost wholly with us. Away back in Birmingham, in Alabama, there is a Bruce Milne Club, founded in honour of this fair Yankee cousin, which periodically forwards parcels of comforts, &c., for our boys.

Like Kitchener, He Knew What it Meant.

When the war broke out and the prophets arose there were only two who had clear enough vision and experience to realise exactly what was going to happen. One was the late Lord Kitchener, the other Lieut.-Col. Driscoll, who is mentioned in General Smuts' despatches. I had several chats with the famous scout leader in London about the duration and the trend of the war, and practically everything he told me has proved true. It was, of course, in the natural order of things that Driscoll should go to South Africa, where he did such splendid work in the Boer War, and that he should take with him many of his old comrades (including the late Captain Selous), who would follow him anywhere. Of Irish parentage, Driscoll is one of the greatest military experts of the day, a figure with something of the air of romance clinging to him.

Glasgow Lady's Unique Project.

Many of my west end Glasgow readers will recognise the charming lady herewith photographed as Mrs Jack Stevenson,

Lafayette.

Kingsborough Gardens, Hillhead. Mrs Stevenson has in a quiet and unobtrusive way done much good war work. The Erskine House fund has benefited considerably through a rather unique but simple project of hers. A large doll which she has dressed has been sold and re-sold, and when £25 was realised the owner handed the doll back again to Mrs Stevenson.

But the adventures of the doll are not yet ended, for it is to be again offered for sale at a matinee for the same object which is to be held at the end of the month. So I shouldn't be the least surprised if £100 be ultimately raised through Mrs Stevenson's simple scheme.

Interesting Ayrshire Engagement.

Ayrshire people will be specially interested in the engagement of Mr J. Hunter Blair, elder son of Captain and Mrs Hunter Blair of Blairquhan, Maybole, and Jean, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs T. W. M'Intyre of Sorn Castle, near Hamilton. Mr J. Hunter Blair, a subaltern in the Seaforth Highlanders, is heir to the grand estate of Blairquhan. He is also a prospective Baronet, for his father, a retired naval officer, is brother and heir-presumptive to the Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, who, once a captain in the militia, is now fifth Baronet, and Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery at Fort Augustus, N.B.

A Lovely Place.

Blairquhan is a lovely place in the Girvan Valley, with a fine mansion which occupies the site of an old castle, and is one of the finest structures in the Lowlands. It was the scene of many parties in pre-war days for "The Twelfth." The property comprises 10,000 acres, and affords most varied sport, including roedeer shooting and trout fishing in several lochs; also salmon fishing in the Girvan; being, indeed, a most desired domain in every way.

The War and the Organists.

The war has made a heavy toll of many of our promising church organists, and at the present time vacancies are not easily filled. It is more than a year ago since Lieut. Andrew Muir, the organist and choirmaster of Milngavie and Baldernock U.F. Church, made the supreme sacrifice at Gallipoli, and it is only now that the Session have had the "heart" to fill his place, so greatly was he loved. His successor, who has just been appointed, is Mr John S. Annand, of 31 Bank Street, Hillhead, Glasgow, whose photo appears herewith. Mr Annand is the popular choirmaster of Lansdowne U.F. Mission Church, where he has been for the last thirteen years.

Bute's "Basket Nights."

The farmers in Bute have adopted an excellent plan for raising money for the various war funds. Briefly speaking, the system is that each of the leading farmers on the island in turn invite a number of guests to attend a dance on a certain evening, each of the ladies bringing a basket containing a supply of good things for the delectation of their prospective partners. The baskets are then disposed of by auction, the males bidding haphazard as the baskets are put up, each containing the name of the fair owner on a slip of paper inside. The successful bidder for the basket, of course, takes the owner as his partner for the evening. The most recent "basket night" was that held at Scoulag Farm, when no less than £45 was realised for the war funds. One basket drew the record price of £4, Provost Macmillan of Rothesay being an unsuccessful bidder.

An Old Glasgow Clubite.

Everybody has heard of the Old Glasgow Club, and consequently it stands to reason that everybody has likewise heard of its popular and energetic secretary, Mr H. Stuart Girvan, B.L. Mr Girvan is one of the enthusiasts who have helped to make this Club one of the local organisations which matter. During his ten years' occupancy of the important position of secretary he has shown himself a real friend of everything pertaining to the city of his birth, and he has always discharged the important duties pertaining to that office in a manner which has prompted his unanimous re-election from year to year with an automatic regularity which must be personally flattering to him.

Well Known in Legal Circles.

Mr Girvan follows the profession of his father—the late Mr J. Graham Girvan, in his day one of the best-known of city solicitors—and he is particularly well known in Glasgow legal circles. He has successfully essayed professional authorship by having published in 1904 a "Treatise on Partnership and Limited Companies," and he has imparted much of his legal knowledge to others in his capacity as Lecturer on Commercial Law to Govan School Board in connection with the advanced evening classes.

Very Welcome Gifts.

Colonel J. Scott Riddell, M.V.O., the Red Cross Commissioner for the North-East of Scotland, was beaming the other day when he formally accepted no fewer than three finely-equipped motor cars for the transport of sick and wounded soldiers—two from the Scottish herring trade and one from the Aberdeen preserved provision manufacturers—and when he heard that the herring traders had ordered two more, one for the front and the other for Aberdeen. Colonel Riddell is one of the most skilful medical men in the Aberdeen district, and in pre-war days had associations with Balmoral Castle, where he was personally known as a friend of Sir James Reid, Physician to His Majesty the King. As Red Cross Commissioner for the North-East of Scotland Colonel Riddell has displayed a remarkable talent for organisation. He is very keen on seeing this movement for the providing of ambulances still further developed.

A Popular Hostess.

Lafayette.

A staunch friend of our wounded soldiers is Mrs W. J. Port of Blantyreferme House, Uddingstone. She is popular with all the Tommies in the district, and many concerts and whist drives has she organised for their pleasure and benefit. Blantyreferme House has been the scene of innumerable happy gatherings, and Mrs Port's skill as a hostess has been proudly "boosted" by many a Tommy for whom she has provided a few splendid hours of entertainment.

Intrepid Highland Explorer.

In the Highlands the announcement that Captain Mackintosh, one of the intrepid explorers who were marooned in the Ross Sea, has perished has caused wide and genuine regret. Although born in Bengal, Captain Mackintosh was a true and daring Highlander. He was sent early to this country, and being desirous in his youth of adventure he joined the merchant service, and five years later entered the P. and O. Company's service, in which he held an important post when Sir Ernest Shackleton, knowing his worth, engaged him as second in command of the Nimrod.

The Courage of a Lion.

Since his association with Shackleton Captain Mackintosh has had many adventures, and his career has been followed with the greatest interest by his clansmen and other friends in the Highlands. A capable navigator, full of the courage of a lion, he sleeps amidst the vast and wintry serenity of the Antarctic region. His life will be an example to many a Highland youth inspired with the spirit of daring. Captain Mackintosh was a near relative of Mrs Stirling of Fairburn and Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Lord-Lieutenant of Inverness-shire.

An Agriculturist of Note.

Mr J. Harling Turner, Director of the Agricultural Section of the National Service Department, who is still busy setting up his own particular organisation in Scotland, is a man of boundless energy. In addition to acting as Commissioner to the Duke of Portland, he is identified with nearly all the public bodies in Ayrshire, and has acted as chairman of the Kilmarnock District Committee of the Ayr County Council since its inception. Since the war began he has done a great deal of work in purchasing horses for the Government, and is chairman of the Ayrshire Military Tribunal. He resides at Cessnock Castle, Galston.

Springburn Doctor Wins D.S.O.

Springburn people are immensely proud about the honour which has come to Lieut.-Colonel J. M'Kie, that genial medico having been awarded the D.S.O. Dr M'Kie was a popular figure in the district. He mobilised with the Territorials holding the rank of major, and went right through the East African campaign. He is now finding plenty to do with the troops operating in the Garden (so-called) of Eden.

IN THE MELTING POT.

BRIGHT PARS ON TOPICAL SUBJECTS.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED BY THOMAS JAY

Judging by the latest German war objects, Germany has decided to sink everything in order to lose the war.

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And there appears to be no doubt whatever that in future we shall be able to refer to him as Would-Row Wilson.

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Yale University has decided to admit women to the M.A. degree, though women as Ma's are not unknown in this country.

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Embalming the dead has been pronounced by the Warwickshire Tribunal as a war-time luxury. As we have no great desire to be embalmed just yet, we number this among the few luxuries which we are prepared to sacrifice for the period of the war in any case.

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Before the Kaiser starts to stand on his rights he would be advised to make sure that he has some.

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The German submarine menace is more Atlantic than Pacific.

A Spanish newspaper asserts that the Kaiser is "going mad." News travels slowly in some countries.

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The Director of the Bruges Observatory asserts that the cold spell will last a long time. But we must cheer up. Signor Bazilli has just informed us that the world will not last more than another beggarly five million years.

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"From the mouth of every American," says the New York Tribune, "goes forth the challenge to Germany." This puts a stop once for all to the old assertion that the American always speaks through the nasal organ.

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Germany has outlined her new campaign of U-boat plunder. And we are ready with our I.O.U. boats.

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A party of German soldiers who should have been present at the birthday celebrations of the Kaiser were found to have broken into a wine vault, and had been drinking whisky It is understood that the soldiers sent a message to their commander saying they were with him in spirits.

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The missing bride case is causing quite a sensation at Stepney, we read. It seems hard that the good lady should have been missing from the altar just when she should have been altering from the Miss.

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Pleading before a London Tribunal, a conscientious objector who was a butcher maintained that he had no vote, and therefore was not called upon to fight for the country. But I venture to suggest that he still had a steak in the country.

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A house in Kensington has been rifled by burglars three times in three years. It must be a repeating rifle.

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"Influenza Serobactino" is the name of a new American cure for influenza. You just breathe this name at the germ, and it wanders away in the gloaming.

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There is money in humour. A prisoner charged at Manchester with stealing a watch stated that he "only did it for fun." He had to pay forty shillings

SHOPPING BY POST.

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-mades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

SPORTSMEN, farmers, horsemen, try our splendid Yorkshire whipcord tweed; wears like leather; showerproof; 7 yards for 17s 6d. Patterns free. Bradford Woollen Co. (68), Bradford.

THE Sunday Album of Sacred Songs, classical and popular; arranged with piano accompaniment. Voice part in staff and tonic sol-fa. Post free, 1s 4d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, Perth, N.B.

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THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE (Dept. 115), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Begin To-day This Great Prophetic Story.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

Charles Smith, a foreigner in spite of his British name and a man of genius, gives away the secret of a big submersible in the interests of humanity to **Ruxton Farlow,** a young British Cabinet Minister, and his father,

Sir Andrew Farlow, a great shipmaster who has had a large amount of shipping destroyed by submarine.

Vita Vladimir, a beautiful Polish girl who admires Britain, confirms Ruxton Farlow in his fears regarding our food supply in a future war with Germany, and he accepts the inventor's offer of a trip in his submersible.

After their interview with "Charles Smith," Sir Andrew Farlow and his son discuss the nationality of the inventor.

"If I can't locate his nationality," says Ruxton, "I am certain of a very important fact—he belongs to Germany."

The Lure.

THAT Ruxton Farlow was a creature of destiny rather than a man who wrought only through the force of his own self-guidance was extraordinarily apparent. The purpose of his life filled his whole being. It was all of him, a dim light in the mist and fog of the future, ever encouraging onwards, yet yielding to him no vision of the path by which it might be the more easily reached. It was his lot to flounder on, frequently stumbling and swaying as the conformation and obscurities of the road compelled, but every step, every stumble, every bruise and buffet added to the sum of progress achieved and pointed the unyielding nature which inspired his set purpose of reaching that ray of light beyond.

The coming into his life of the woman who called herself Vita Vladimir was an incident in his progress of far greater significance than even he had dreamed. Whither it inclined his footsteps he knew not. All he knew was that, almost in a moment, she had become definitely linked up with his future through a bond, the meaning of which even he had no full understanding of. All he knew was that she had some great bearing upon the ultimate, and that it was his desire to follow blindly the track she had opened up before him.

Nor had he any delusion as to his desire. There was not the smallest doubt but that her attraction had influenced his decision. He had listened to her words with a brain inspired by the warmth of the manhood within him, which her extraordinary beauty had stirred as it had never been stirred before.

It was in answer to this feeling that he left Yorkshire at the earliest opportunity and hastened back to town. He merely gave himself time to change and hold a brief consultation with his secretary. Then he set out in search of the rather obscure little flat in Kensington.

His mind was perfectly clear as to the object of this visit. Just as he perfectly understood that even without that object it would have been his desire to make it. He wished to give this woman an answer to her request. He wished to fathom the manner by which she had learned of his promotion. And, apart from these things, he desired ardently to see her again. The recollection of that moonlit figure was a sharp negative on the photographic plate of memory, and he was anxious to study the original in the full light of day. Her undoubted beauty, and the romance of their first meeting, had left behind them an irresistible attraction· nor had he any desire to resist it.

His position in the world as the only son and partner of the greatest among the shipowners of Britain, his political career, and his position as Under Secretary in the Foreign Office of the late Ministry had brought him into contact with the social world of London. But hitherto women had had small enough place in his life. The hunting-field and the coverts with golf and rowing, had entirely claimed his leisure, which would have been considered something very like wasted had it been spent in society's drawing-rooms. He was a big, strong, outdoor man, and possessed a great deal of that curious diffidence which is more apt to attack men of his bulk than those of lesser stature.

All these things had served to make him an adult as a prize worth striving for in the matrimonial market, and doubtless he would have been thus saved to the work which he had served lay before him. He had never been a man of marked celibate tendencies. It was simply the fact that the sex question had always been dominated by the simple, hard-working, outdoor life he lived. Those who knew him had always taken a delight in prophesying that one day some woman would get hold of him, he would get it badly, and it would be a thousand-to-one chance she would be the wrong woman, and he would make a complete mess of things.

Now as he sat, filling to overflowing a small drawing-room chair, in Vita Vladimir's flat in Kensington, listening to the musical tones of the wonderful Polish beauty facing him on a wholly inefficient window seat, with his dark eyes, shining and intent, fixed upon her mobile features, it looked as though at least one part of his friend's prophecy was within measurable distance of being fulfilled.

The woman was talking rapidly, and the light and shade of emotion passing over her expressive face were quite irresistible.

"Your coming was more than I dared to hope," she said. "And yet—I knew you would. I mean underneath my fears. You know, I feel I ought to tell you so many things that I have purposely hidden, and yet I know it would be a mistake to do so until—I have shown you all that which I promised. It makes me feel mean. It makes me feel almost as if I were not acting honestly. And yet I know I am. But I think I can tell you one thing which may astonish you. Our meeting on the cliffs was the result of nearly two months' preparation and consideration. It was even in the nature of a plot, in which I was to be the instrument of communication. Furthermore, it took me nearly two weeks of waiting and watching before I could decide that the right moment had arrived. You see, so secretly had we to move that I dared not chance a thing. The risk for all concerned was so great. Mr Farlow, will you believe me when I say that yours is not the only life at stake in this adventure? Even now I dare not give you the details. You must still take me on trust, as you were kind enough to do—that night."

Ruxton nodded soberly, though his eyes were feasting upon the woman's superlative beauty as she reclined against the window casing in an all unconscious pose of considerable grace.

"I think I understand better than you imagine since I have seen—Mr Charles Smith and his invention."

The woman's deeply-fringed grey eyes were widely alert.

"You have—associated us?"

"Veevee, London."

The woman nodded. There was no attempt at denial.

"I see," she said, and the grey eyes became interestedly speculative.

Ruxton glanced about him. He was swiftly taking in the details of the plainly-furnished, extremely modern little drawing-room. It was the preliminary to the next step in this strange adventure. He saw about him no single suggestion of the personality of the woman who claimed it as her home. It might have belonged to anybody, from a superior business woman, who used it as a nightly refuge from the cares and worries of a commercial life, to a foreign visitor to London, desiring a convenient headquarters. It was, to his mind, a typical "furnished flat" as designated in the house agent's catalogue.

His eyes came back to the woman herself, and a deep, restrained admiration grew in their depths.

All that he had believed of her in the deceptive moonlight was more than confirmed in the warm light of day. He had no thought for her costume. In his man's way he realised a perfect harmony between that and the wonderful face and head that adorned it. He was aware only of the deep, sleepy, grey eyes so exquisitely fringed. The smooth, delicately-tinted cheeks, and the mouth so ripe and full of the suggestion of youth. Above all was that wonderful glory of red-gold hair, massed on the head with all the art of the hairdresser, which transformed it into a crown which any queen might well have envied.

"I want to say something that may sound rough, even brutal," Ruxton said abruptly, after the prolonged pause. "But, then, there are times in life when the suaveness of diplomatic methods becomes wholly misplaced—even an insult to the person towards whom they are directed. You will permit me to assure you that what I have to say is the outcome of the interest you have roused in me by all you have confided." He paused again thoughtfully. He was endeavouring to shut out of his mind the picture of the woman's personality, which made what he was about to say seem so harsh and unnecessary. He nerved himself for the effort, and proceeded—

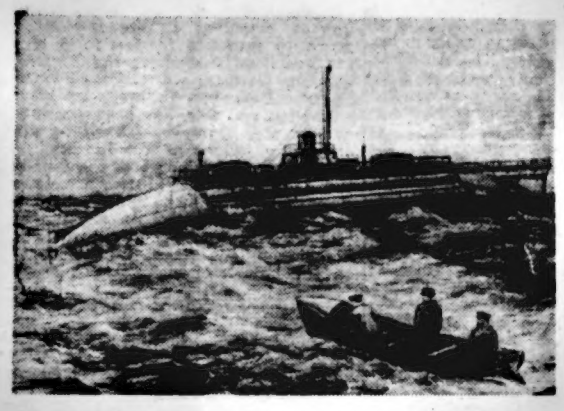
"Let me say at once, that against all my—what shall I say—better sense? That will do. Against all my better sense I accepted and believed your story to me on the cliffs. Had I acted as my sense prompted I should have thrust it aside and ignored it, regarding you merely as one of my country's enemies, seeking for some inexplicable reason to leave me at the mercy of your confederates.

"However, for once instinct served me well. I committed no such injustice. Then on my return home I discovered a link, as I thought, between you and another matter which has since proved to be of considerable importance. I refer to Veevee, London. That link you do not deny. The combination suggests more fully the importance and truth of what you told me."

"The combination of the two things was part of the—preparation."

Vita Vladimir smiled. Her smile was like a sunbeam of early morning, and Ruxton was compelled to respond.

"That is what I now supposed. You must forgive me for what else I have to say. The natural result of a mind left groping is the dominance of imagination. 'Fact' is the only thing which can pin imagination down. At the present moment I am lacking in facts. I have only been told, and so my imagination has been turned loose. The result has been one or two things which I am going to put to you, and you can answer them or not. But my future action will be undoubtedly governed by your attitude. First, then, this is not your actual home. Second, your name is not Vita Vladimir. Third, you were kind enough to send me congratulation on my promotion to Cabinet rank when only the Prime Minister and his most intimate colleagues were aware of it. Even the ubiquitous press had failed to steal the information."



"There was a tremendous swirling and upheaval, and the grey-green monster of the deep reared its forlorn-looking deck above the surface." See next week's instalment.

Ruxton's challenge came, as it was intended to come, shortly, sharply, even with a suggestion of brutality in it. He had outraged his own feelings in doing so. He knew in his heart he had no doubt of this wonderful creature, but his mind, that simple, keen, straightforward organ trained in the hypocritical world of diplomacy, dictated its will upon him. He had been asked to believe something very like a fairy tale, and the lips which had formulated the request were the most perfect it had ever been his lot to behold. However, the dictates of his heart, the warm young manhood in him, were still subservient to the trained mind. The day might come when rebellion would overthrow such sway, but for the moment it held.

The woman took no umbrage. There was a quickening of the rise and fall of her beautifully-rounded bosom, but that was the only sign of emotion permitted to escape her.

"Your observation is—quick," she said, with a slightly-heightened colour. "And what if these things are true? Are they so very significant?"

Ruxton shrugged. Something of the warmth had passed out of his eyes. But he displayed not the smallest impatience.

Then the woman smiled. Her smile grew into a deep musical laugh.

"I am foolish. I am not clever enough for the work entrusted to me," she cried, spreading out her hands in a deprecating manner. "Here am I striving to win your perfect confidence by methods which might well characterise the most absurdly cumbersome and blundering child. I am deputed to urge you to an enterprise that entails risks—untold; maybe I am striving to send you to your—death. And this work is vital to the world, and, more than all, to your country. We are both striving in the cause of humanity, partners bound by no other tie, and yet in my endeavour I am raising doubt in your mind. Doubt of me, doubt of my purpose, even doubt of my honour. That is so like a woman—isn't it?"

The smile which the self-denunciation raised upon the man's face no longer lacked warmth.

"The clever knave is rarely at a loss for explanation," he said drily. "The lack of explanation often carries conviction."

The woman's slumbrous eyes only smiled. The pronouncement was full of delighted admiration.

"I have explanations for all these things, and I would give them," she said promptly. "And those explanations might astonish you—a little. But at present I have only admission to make which may have a disastrous effect upon my hopes. This is not my home. It is only a sort of—office. My name is not Vita Vladimir, except in part. And as for my wire to you, the moment the personnel of the new Cabinet was decided upon by Sir Meeston Harborough and his colleagues the news was conveyed by the usual underground methods—abroad. That is all."

"And you are in touch with—abroad?"

"It is quite simple," the woman went on, with a shrug. "No political movement, no movement of any significance, goes on here but it is known in foreign official circles even before the press get it here. Remember the war. My father, who is interested in this matter I am engaged upon, is in touch with those official circles, and so I receive the news within a few hours of the time Sir Meeston knew it himself."

The interest of this woman was very great. Its importance was growing on the man even more quickly than he knew. Her ready admission, her obviously true explanation of how she received the news which inspired her message of congratulation, these things had immediate effect. To a lesser mind than that of this youthful statesman these things might well have inspired added doubt, but to Ruxton they told him all he wanted to know with definite assurance. He was convinced of her absolute sincerity as he was convinced of other things.

The woman was waiting anxiously for the attitude which was to follow her explanations. He anxiety did not display itself in her eyes, which were as calm as though matters of vital importance were beyond even her appreciation. Nevertheless, her blood was tingling with an apprehension which left the silence which had fallen almost insupportable.

But Ruxton was thinking swiftly. For the moment all thought of the woman herself had been brushed aside. He was gazing at that dim misty light ahead which was his goal, and he seemed to see the shadowy obstacles looming up which perhaps meant a life-and-death struggle in their surmounting. There was no pathway to the right or left. He must go on. It was the only road, a dangerous, deadly road, and it was the road this woman had offered him. He had probed deeply, far deeper than had seemed possible at first, and his probing had helped him to his decision.

He rose from his seat and stood towering and large in that small room. The sleepy eyes of the woman were raised expectantly to his face, and, deep down in their depths, a light of admiration, which had only his manhood for its object, was growing with each passing moment. She, too, rose from her seat at the window, and they stood facing each other perfect in their splendid youth.

"Well?"

The woman could no longer restrain her impatience. Her interrogation broke from her almost unconsciously.

"I came here to—accept your invitation to visit that—to see those things first hand, which is the duty of our country's political leaders," he said, with a smile which thrilled the expectant woman.

"And you will—accept?"

Ruxton nodded. His fine head, with its fair hair, was inclined in acquiescence.

"Thank God!"

The woman's exclamation was one of unrestrained thankfulness and relief. Had Ruxton needed any added proof of her honesty and sincerity, it was in that wonderful expression of fervid thankfulness which accompanied her words. But he had needed none, and it was the result of a coalition of heart and brain.

"I shall communicate with your father and appoint a time when I can start with him—on his submersible."

The woman's eyes were wide.

"My father!" she exclaimed.

"Surely—Mr Charles Smith."

The laugh which followed Ruxton's announcement was full of delighted admiration.

"And we took so much trouble. We planned so carefully. We came to you because we believed you to be the only man approachable on such a subject. We did not realise we were approaching an intellect capable of fathoming and turning inside out our closely kept secrets."

"Intellect?" Ruxton laughed as he held out his hand in "goodbye." "It is not necessarily intellect which recognises strong family likenesses. But I regret to say that your father, brilliant as he may be as an inventor, does not do you justice in the matter of his personal appearance. However, I shall send him a message addressed Veevee, London, which you will doubtless see, and I pray that Providence may bless our feeble efforts. From all I can imagine the immediate future will contain many uncertainties for me, so I do not know if we shall ever meet again. But I want to tell you that I thank you from the bottom of my heart for coming to me. If things are as bad as you think, then you have done our country an inestimable service—you and your father."

But his words had a different effect from that which might have been expected. A shudder of pain seemed suddenly to affect the woman and a great distress shadowed her beautiful eyes.

"Please don't," she cried. "If you knew all that is in here," she went on, pressing her hands upon her bosom, "you would understand all this thing means. Mr Ruxton, you have never felt terror as a woman can feel it. How could you? You a man, so big, and strong, and fearless. Even your imagination, riot as it may, could never know the haunt which the sinking of the Lusitania has created in my woman's mind. Those poor, helpless souls. Think of them, and think of some future distant day when—Oh, God! No, no! The service you speak of is no service. It is—Duty."

Ruxton was deeply affected by the evident sincerity of her distress. He had nothing to add. But Vita Vladimir brushed her moment of weakness aside, and gazed up at him with luminous, searching eyes.

"I had almost forgotten," she cried. "I am afraid I am but a poor plotter. The delight that you have accepted has put so much out of my poor brain." Then her eyes grew wide with awe and dread. "I told you that other lives than yours hang upon this matter. So—it is necessary for inviolable secrecy. Need you tell even your—father of your going? Need anyone know? Your servants? Anyone at all? It is a big thing to ask, but—life is very dear to us all, and—— No, no, what am I talking about? I must not beg. I must demand. For as sure as the sun rises tomorrow you will be silenced for ever if word of this leaks out. We shall all be."

The woman's manner was far more impressive than her words. But Ruxton treated the matter almost lightly.

"Don't worry. I have given my promise to go. I am wilfully thrusting my neck into the noose waiting for it. I shall not take unnecessary chances. No one, not even my father, shall hear of this thing from me. So—goodbye until I return from—Germany."

Vita's relief found expression in a grave sort of smile.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "But—but you are not going to—Germany."

The Old Mill Cove.

He had known the mill all his life; at least, he believed he had. He had gazed upon that awesome black ruin, keeping watch and ward over the wicked little cove below it like some sentinel on guard over a dangerous criminal, with wide, childish eyes and a mind full of terrified speculation. He had known it later when, with boyish bravado, he had flouted the horrific stories of a superstitious countryside and explored its barren, ruined recesses. He had known it still later when, with manhood's eyes opening to a dim appreciation of all those things which have gone before in the great effort of life, he had seen in it a picturesque example of the endless struggle which has gone on since the dawn of life.

So he thought he knew it all.

Now the limitations of his knowledge were forcing themselves upon him. Now he was realising that there were secrets by the score in these everyday things which a lifetime of contact may never reveal. The strangeness of it all set him marvelling. The limitations of human understanding seemed extraordinarily narrow.

He gazed down into the gaping cavity beneath his feet, and, by the dim rays of a lighted lantern, counted the worn stone steps until the darkness below swallowed up their outline.

(Continued on Page 10.)

LATEST FROM LONDON.

DR PAGE AGAIN CONFERS WITH MR BALFOUR.

HOW THE NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME PROGRESSES.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

AT any moment now may come news that America has taken the most important step in her history. I saw Dr Page this morning on his way to have a long conference with Mr Balfour at the Foreign Office, and I was struck by his unusually grave appearance.

While the cabled news from the States suggests that Dr Wilson will do all in his power to stave off war, Americans in London have every confidence in him, and believe that if he cannot get the fullest satisfaction out of Germany he will resign himself to the inevitable.

Meanwhile the continued outrages on the part of the U boats are multiplying, and to the mind of the average American over here this spells war within a week. Whether they are right or wrong remains to be seen, but it is now regarded as absolutely certain that nothing can stave off a declaration of war by America some time within the next few weeks.

Young Americans in London are so impressed by the gravity of the situation, and so certain that their services will be required, that they are arranging their affairs so that they will be able to leave when the call comes.

Holland and the Huns.

In conversation with a Dutchman who is over here on diplomatic business, I was informed that Holland is under no misapprehension as to what the future holds for her. Indeed, the feeling has grown very strong during the last week or two that while Germany would be taking great risks by breaking the neutrality of Holland and thus allowing her new adversary to invite the assistance of the Allies, the food question is growing so difficult to handle that the Huns will be inclined to take any leap in the dark.

Large numbers of Germans are crossing the borders now in search of something substantial to eat, and when the poorer people who cannot afford to leave become clamourous or get out of hand, the internal situation will drive the German authorities to desperation.

Holland, however, is well prepared for all eventualities, and if what I am told is correct they are prepared to make a sacrifice which, while it will stagger the world, will utterly defeat the aims of the arch-enemy.

The National Service Scheme.

I am informed that Mr Neville Chamberlain has cancelled his engagement to speak in Manchester next week, and has asked Mr Arthur Henderson to take his place. This will be a considerable loss for Cottonopolis, as London is still talking about the new Director of National Service and his masterly powers as a public speaker revealed at the great meeting in London this week, but the reason of the decision is that Mr Chamberlain is so very busy with his work that he grudges any time he has to spend away from St Ermines Hotel.

When I called there I found the officials snowed under by replies from Volunteers, and there was every indication that the scheme is to be a success. Still, there are a great many more people who have time to give to the national cause but who have not yet made up their minds, and if a hint is worth anything to them I might say that all the machinery is ready for compulsion if Mr Chamberlain should be compelled to resort to it.

Delivering Coal to London's Poor.

The difficulties in connection with the transport of coal in the Metropolis were successfully dealt with to-day, and from now onwards the people in the poorer districts will suffer no hardships. Early this morning huge motor lorries, lent by the army authorities, left the depots, and have been making non-stop runs to such districts as Hoxton, Poplar, Battersea, and even as far as Brentford.

Householders gathered at different points in the district, and, under the supervision of workers of the Coal Porters' Union, small quantities were sold to the waiting women at the rate of 1s 10d per cwt. When the lorries were emptied they were driven back to the depots and filled up, this system being carried out until darkness set in.

Lieut.-General Lloyd, the commander of the London District, has agreed to place at the disposal of the Lord Mayor fifty army drivers to assist in carrying out the work of delivery to the poor during the cold weather.

The Naval Situation.

A great deal more is likely to be heard about naval questions when the House meets on Tuesday. Lord Charles Beresford is likely to make a speech regarding the shipping problem in the Lords and to criticise the Government policy with reference to other pressing matters.

It may be taken for granted that he will deal in his usual free and outspoken manner with those whom he believes to be wanting in initiative, but it is highly improbable that a debate on the situation will take place.

A statement, however, from Lord Lytton, the new Assistant Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, will probably have a reassuring effect on those who have the idea that the Lords of the Admiralty have not got the situation well in hand, as was stated a fortnight ago in these columns.

AMERICA MUST APPEAL TO ARMS.

HOW U.S. NAVY CAN BEST SERVE THE ALLIES.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

THE submarine menace occupied a prominent position in the speeches delivered at the opening of Parliament. Our elder statesmen paid due tribute to the gravity of the situation. There was no dismal pessimism in their orations.

On the contrary, while warning the nation of the seriousness of matters, confident courage was predominantly voiced. Mr Bonar Law said the enemy had "absolutely no chance" of starving Great Britain out, a most reassuring statement. Besides mere words, we were given a good idea of the immediate and energetic steps which are being taken to cope with the attempted blockade of the British Isles.

In the House of Lords the welcome news came from Lord Curzon that mercantile vessels were being equipped with guns in the most expeditious manner possible. He was, of course, unable to give any exact figures, but he hinted that if it were possible to give statistics it would reveal a highly gratifying record of progress recently made in this method of checking the depredations of the U boats.

These tidings are really excellent, because we know that a defensive armament does help to keep the mercantile losses down. A statistical society in Paris computed a few weeks ago that out of seventy-eight armed steamers only six had been sunk, while the surviving seventy-two had weathered the piracy campaign successfully. In other words, guns had kept about 92 per cent. of the ships armed afloat. If the same degree of immunity can be conferred by the extension of the "arm all ships" principle, the future outlook will be more roseate than it has been for a long time past.

Arming All Steamers.

One good purpose has been served by the ogregious and bombastic proclamations of Hunnish piracy. We should be allowed a larger degree of latitude in the way we put guns on our steamers. The American rules laid down that only ships of slow speed should be armed, the position and number of guns were limited, as also was the supply of ammunition carried. These restrictions have now gone by the board, and it will not be surprising if all neutral nations commenced arming their own ships irrespective of paper regulations, as a rejoinder to the German threats.

We also heard, at the opening of Parliament, that excellent progress is being made with the building of destroyers to act as escort to mercantile vessels. Of the services rendered by destroyers as anti-submarine craft little can be said beyond the fact that those services have been most signal.

One wishes it were possible to give some idea of the number of destroyers and anti-submarine vessels we have built since the beginning of the war. But as these notes are published in the Clyde district—the home of many famous warship building firms—readers may be quite familiar with the way we get our fighting ships built nowadays in record numbers and record time.

Our first thought was to provide adequate security for the Grand Fleet and other divisions of the Royal Navy, the transports, and supply ships at the back of our Army on the Continent and elsewhere. The immunity of the Grand Fleet and the Cross-Channel transport service up to the present has been largely due to efficient and adequate screens of destroyers.

When the war is over we shall probably hear how high a percentage of the German submarines lost owed their destruction to the activities of the Allies torpedo craft. After arming ships, the provision of escort for mercantile vessels is another big step forward. And next we have the intelligence that the building of new mercantile tonnage is going on with commendable speed.

Snaring the U Boat.

Nothing was mentioned about the following topic in Parliament, so reference had better be discreet and purposely obscure. It is an open secret that the recent conferences between the Allies have been aimed at a further unification of command, but it is generally assumed this only applied to the land warfare. But it extends to many other aspects of the conflict, not excluding the question of anti-submarine measures and the whole control of the naval war.

Heavier responsibilities are imposed on our naval authorities and admirals, but the enemy has taught us that centralisation of command is a great asset in warfare. The resignation of the Duke of Abruzzi, the Italian Naval Commander-in-Chief, is not unconnected with this matter, although it is ascribed "to reasons of health."

Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux was the seconder of the Address in the House of Commons, and the "Member for the Navy" confirmed his reputation as a highly-successful speaker. His style of speaking is rather unconventional, but it gets on the mark in a very astonishing way. Mr Asquith made a very graceful tribute to Sir Hedworth. Perhaps it was because the Admiral once compared the late Premier to Solomon for wisdom!

The Member for Portsmouth dropped one casual and cryptic remark that has attracted much interest. He said that, inasmuch as certain methods have succeeded in thwarting the Zeppelins, other systems now in course of preparation might be equally effective against the U boats.

We are certainly not sitting still and twindling our thumbs while the steamers get sunk. The most scientific minds in the Navy and outside of it are engaged in devising new snares and spring-guns for mastering the U boat.

"Lanes" are also being established for the safe conveyance of merchandise and munitions to and from our shores. The Germans also laid down certain safe "lanes" in their "barred zones," but their ways are not our ways, nor are we relying on the Huns' benevolence for keeping safe the beaten paths they have indicated for sea traffic.

Neutrals (and ultimately the enemy) may become aware of the location of these "lanes" for shipping, but we shall hear nothing about them from our own press. They will probably be like ordinary roads with a certain kind of hedge and various kinds of naval policemen patrolling fixed beats, either in official garb, or disguised as "plain-clothes officers." Such things are the common talk in the thieves' dens at Wilhelmshaven and Kiel. "Coppers' narks" are never popular among the light-fingered gentry.

Grand Finale of Frightfulness.

The revelation of the enemy's frantic barbarism has resulted in a great reordering of our ideas during the past few days. Things hitherto obscure are now seen in a plainer light. For example, the voyages of the Deutschland and the raid of U53 off the Nantucket Lightship reveal the fact that Germany has been preparing for the event of the United States being arrayed in opposition to her. The Berlin Admiralty probably adopted this plan to see if the U boat warfare could be extended across to the Atlantic coast of the United States.

But still more surprising is the well-founded suspicion, now growing apace, that the fall of Von Tirpitz was a well-managed piece of bluff, intended to lull us into the belief the enemy was going to give up his career of piracy.

A few weeks ago I discussed the possibility of Tirpitz returning to power, as there was a considerable amount of evidence that his policy was gaining the upper hand. The Grand Admiral's resignation of office was purely nominal, and his successor, Von Capelle, has been more or less of a puppet.

Hindenburg, on his assumption of supreme power as a War Dictator, was known to favour a ruthless form of warfare, and it is Hindenburg and Tirpitz who have cast Germany's destiny into the melting-pot. Bethmann Hollweg, by his own declaration and acts, has been nothing less than an arch-hypocrite and willing accomplice of the other two War Lords.

The pretended triumph of the Chancellor over Tirpitz and the "extreme" school of submarinists looks as it was all a well-acted ruse leading up to the peace proposals of the diplomatists. After they had failed (as prearranged) the stage was left open for the grand finale of frightfulness.

Jenkins' Ear.

But, by what Mr Asquith has termed "the clumsy miscalculation of German diplomacy," the United States has been converted from a sympathtic neutral to a potential Ally of the Entente Powers. It is a moot point whether America has or has not declared war by breaking off diplomatic relations with Berlin. International jurists differ upon the point, and the enemy's press urges the view that war has been declared already. Germany refuses to budge an inch from her intentions, and, if America does "come in," it will either be because of some sudden attack by the Huns on America, like the U53 raid, or on account of "Jenkins' Ear."

Who is Jenkins, and what has his ear got to do with matters? I will explain the allusion. It is a historic parallel to the conditions now prevailing between Germany and the United States.

In 1739 we were not at war with Spain, but relations were very strained. The Spanish "guarda-costas" had been seizing and searching British mercantile ships in the West Indies, and treating the captains and crews of the ships with the greatest barbarity, just as Germany is treating United States vessels at present.

The captains of British ships used to come to the bar of the House of Commons and relate the cruelties and indignities they had suffered from the Spanish vessels. Lastly, there came Captain Jenkins, and he showed the honourable House that one of his ears had been torn from his head. That was the end of matters; Admiral Vernon was sent out with a British Fleet to take Portobello, and war followed.

America is watching, and getting ready. What she expects is an incident like that of "Jenkins' Ear," some flagrantly inhuman sinking of an American vessel or the torpedoing of some ship, resulting in the loss of many American lives. But the destruction of the California does not appear to be the "overt act" which will force President Wilson's hand just yet.

America is not yet embroiled, but the attitude of armed but passive resistance cannot be kept up for ever. Sooner or later, the Inevitable Incident will come like a spark to fire the magazine of open hostilities. President Wilson is not going to retract his words, and Germany is apparently determined to pursue her reckless course.

When two nations come to loggerheads like this, and no Power offers its services as mediator in the quarrel, there can only be one outcome—an appeal to arms.

What about the American Navy? Well, an old friend of mine paid two visits to the States last year, and, by special permission of the Navy Department, he was allowed to see as much as he wished of the dockyards and warships on the other side of the Atlantic. He returned from the States just before Christmas, and I made a special journey to see him and glean the latest information about Uncle Sam's Fleet. Accordingly, the following notes may be deemed as completely up-to-date.

To begin at the top, the American President is the head of the Navy, but his powers are delegated in the executive sense to the Secretary of the Navy, Mr Josephus Daniels. Mr Daniels is the editor of a small provincial newspaper, and his regime has not been of a smooth and uneventful character. As a reformer he has been the American equivalent of our Winston Churchill at the Admiralty.

If you believed everything Mr Daniels' political opponents said of him you would gain the impression he was the most pestilential blight the American Fleet ever suffered from or was ruined by! The Secretary of the Navy is not so black as he is painted for political purposes. He is inclined to treat the Navy as a kind of advertisement by pulling off sensational kinds of "stunts," but by smart publicity he has awakened popular interest in the Fleet as it has never been awakened before.

One day it is forming an Inventions Board with Edison at its head, another day it is contracts for some million dollars worth of new warships; a third day it is lower deck pay which tops the bill, and so on. He has made the U.S. Navy strictly teetotal, despite much ridicule. Daniels and Bryan were once called "the Grape Juice Twins" on account of some kind of official and non-alcoholic drink they tried to make popular.

But Mr Daniels has effected many useful reforms, and brought the great new Ship-building Programme through Congress with flying colours. It provides for the building of sixteen super-dreadnoughts and monster battle-cruisers, ten scout cruisers, fifty destroyers, sixty-eight submarines, and various others vessels within the next five years. But it is very doubtful if a single ship will ever smell powder in the present war.

Mr Daniels has also paid much attention to the lower deck of the Fleet; in fact his enthusiasm in this direction has carried him away sometimes. It is not conducive to respect or discipline to see photographs published in the press of the political head of the Navy with his arms around the neck of a marine and bluejacket. Mr. Balfour and even Mr Churchill did not carry their affection so far!

As regards the executive of the American Fleet, it suffers badly from "anno domini." All the senior officers are old men. Captains become white-haired before they attain flag-rank, and a full Admiral is a rarity in the Service. There are no openings for men like Sir David Beatty or Rear-Admiral Kolchak, the Russian Commander-in-Chief in the Baltic, who is the most juvenile of all the Allies' admirals.

The Second Strongest Naval Power.

It is doubtful if any complete scheme has been worked out for participation of the American Navy in a European War. Most of the problems of warfare dealt with by the general staff revolved round the thorny question of protecting the Pacific or Atlantic Coasts. America never knew on which sea frontier the blow would come, but she has kept her Fleet chiefly on the Atlantic seaboard. Nevertheless, she is quite familiar with all the lessons of the present naval war, and might add some very progressive and original ideas to the Allies' higher command, if she does "come in."

As for ships, it is an undecided point where America has or has not risen to the position of "second strongest Naval Power" since the beginning of the war. Germany previously held this place, but since she has lost various capital ships, her superiority over America may have been extinguished.

The latest U.S. Dreadnoughts are simply superb creations. In skill of design there is little to choose between British and American war vessels.

The weak spot is submarines, and in honesty one can only say they are in a deplorable state. Even the U.S. naval officers themselves do not attempt to palliate the fact. There is one instance of a squadron being specially overhauled for nine months to make a cruise, and nearly all broke down as soon as they went to sea. On one year's manœuvres fourteen submarines went out to sea. In the first week half had to return to the dockyards, and the remainder barely struggled through, after an inferno of broken crankshafts, defective batteries, and other breakdowns.

It is all the more extraordinary because our submarines and the U.S. boats have a common parentage in the U.S. Holland plans of 1900. Within the past year reliable boats have been delivered to the navy, and it is hoped that, within the next year or so, sufficient further vessels will be completed to enable the old and unreliable submarines to be scrapped.

Yet, strange as it seems to be, the addition of the American Battle Fleet to the British Grand Fleet would do little to alter the naval situation.

Our superiority in capital ships is assured already, still American Dreadnoughts and American gunnery would serve to shorten the duration of a pitched naval battle with the Hoch See Flotte, and ensure that even fewer survivors would make the return voyage to Wilhelmshaven.

The most valuable asset which could be contributed to our naval forces is the enormous number of small U.S. private yachts and costal craft, ready for conversion into excellent submarine hunters.

Figure on the Roll of Honour

By investing in the War Loan before Friday, the closing day.

All purchases of War Savings Certificates within the next five days go to swell the total amount of the Victory Loan.

If you can't find £5 for the purchase of stock, secure a 15/6 certificate at least.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

The Necessity of the Hour.

There are two things to be done by all of us—to eat a little as we can and to subscribe to the War Loan as much as we are able to do.—National Weekly.

The World's Deliverance.

The action of the United States may have no immediate issue in hostilities with Germany. But it is a sign of the approaching deliverance of the world from the body of death which is war.—The Nation.

The Saviours of the World.

We shall see to it that the terrors of the U boat be sharpened to so overwhelming a degree that they will naturally force the obstinate foe into peace. Thus we shall, by our submarine action, become the saviours of the world.—Berlin Post.

Harden Speaks Out.

The victory of Germany and her allies is a consummation hardly to be desired, both for the sake of humanity and for the welfare of future generations of Germans, because in that event the 800,000,000 inhabitants of the enemy countries and their colonies which are at present opposing us would remain in coalition against us precisely because of their defeat—Maximilian Harden in Zukunft.

Sentence the Kaiser to Death.

Let it be known in Germany that the Kaiser will be sentenced to death if one hospital ship is sunk, and I'll guarantee that the U boats will respect the Red Cross. He is already at the bar, and a long indictment of crime stands against his name, but we must pass sentence of death. It may be a stern, relentless way of striking, but it is the only way to bring a gang of criminals to their senses, and to make them regard the sacred laws of humanity.—Hector Mackay in the Weekly News.

"Damns the Consequences."

Germany, in carrying her submarine menace a outrance and risking war with America, is reckless. But it is not the recklessness of a despairing and beaten gambler—rather it is the recklessness of a strong-willed and defiant man who, if we may borrow a famous phrase of Lord Milner, "damns the consequences." Let us have done with the miserable pretence that Germany is on her last legs. If we continue to drivel about German famines and revolutions, and about German despair, we shall be snuffed out for ever by this war.—Saturday Review.

The War Cabinet and the White Feather.

Is it possible that the War Cabinet mean to show the white feather, and to tell the nation by a silence far more resonant than words that they dare not do what they know they ought to do? If they were whole-hearted adherents of "beer, glorious beer," if they believed that men face great issues best with full glasses, we could pardon them as mistaken but sincere. From that defence, however, the majority of the War Cabinet are precluded, for not one of the three has ever stood up before his cuntrymen and told them that in his belief the brewers are right and the country could not get through its work or beat the enemy if deprived of its ration of beer and spirits.—The Spectator.

German Answers to American Questions.

Q.—WHY did you violate Belgium's neutrality?

A.—The war would have been over in three months if the United States had not prolonged it by selling munitions to the Allies.

Q.—Why did you steal food which the American Red Cross was shipping to the Belgians, whom you were starving to death?

A.—We won the Battle of Jutland because we were the first to claim the victory.

Q.—Why did you murder Edith Cavell?

A.—We are fighting for our existence and have a right to use poison gas or dum-dum bullets.

Q.—How do you explain the atrocities committed by German soldiery in Belgium?

A.—Wait until the war is over! Then we will repay the United States for her cowardly and contemptible unneutrality.

Q.—How dare you talk of "peace with honour" while Belgium lies beneath your heel?

A.—Our cause is just! God is with us!

—From Life, New York.

BUCKIE'S BIG HARBOUR.

A £250,000 Scheme.

Buckie, Saturday.

For many years the fishermen of Buckie have been greatly hampered by lack of sufficient harbour accommodation, but six years ago a scheme of extension was begun and is now in such a state of completion as to be available for use in the course of a day or two. The harbour has practically been doubled in size, giving accommodation for something like 200 more steam drifters, and the cost of the undertaking to date is almost £250,000.

It is not generally known that Buckie contains more resident fishermen than any other town in Scotland, and when the new harbour—extending to over twelve acres—is opened, the port will become the metropolis of the Moral Firth. In addition to possessing a first-class deep-water harbour, Buckie will be able to accommodate a large number of boats for the winter months.

The engineers of the harbour extension were Messrs Lewis & Douglas, London, and the work has been efficiently carried out by Messrs C. Brand & Son, contractors, Glasgow.

BRITISH NEW POSITIONS ON ANCRE.

GERMANS PREPARING FOR LOSS OF BAPAUME AT EARLY DATE.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THOUGH the Western front is still held in the hard grip of winter, Sir Douglas Haig has been able to record some gratifying and highly significant successes on the Ancre during the last few days.

The good news culminated in the announcement that the village of Grandcourt had been evacuated by the enemy and occupied by our troops practically without opposition. We were to some extent prepared for this good news by earlier reports of minor advances, embracing one which gave us a thousand yards of enemy trench, which our men walked into without meeting any resistance. The net result is that immediately to the south of the Ancre we have advanced three-quarters of a mile over a three-mile front.

But the importance of this success is not to be gauged by the enumeration of the number of miles recovered.

> The vital matter is that we not only straighten out our line, but now occupy ground which places us in a very favourable position to enfilade all that maze of enemy's trenches stretching away to the north from Thiepval and Beaumont Hamel away to Hebuterne and Gommecourt.

Our Grip on the Somme.

These trenches represent a veritable fastness which has hitherto been proof against such frontal attacks as have been launched from the British lines. This position is directly menaced by the fall of Grandcourt. The Germans have sought to meet the threat on their flank by throwing up new trenches facing south, and even in some cases converting mere communication trenches into defensive positions. But it is not possible that these new trenches can hold out for any length of time against sustained artillery bombardment.

We have established a grip on the Somme front which the Germans are quite unable to shake off, and though they may delay our advance, they cannot prevent us from eating deeper and deeper into their positions. It is stated that the enemy voluntarily evacuated Grandcourt, but it is quite certain that their retirement here was forced upon them by the severe casualties they were sustaining. The village was under fire from three sides, and the narrowness of the salient made it impossible for the Germans to hold on unless they were content to see the village become a veritable shambles of their own dead.

Since the fall of Grandcourt we have made another slight advance, which has given us the farm of Baillescourt, immediately to the north of the Ancre. This brings us to within less than half a mile of the village of Miraumont, along the line of railway to Achiet le Grand, now distant only two or three miles from our advanced position.

> Achiet le Grand is a junction which has always been regarded, with Bapaume, as one of the two key positions of this part of the German line. Even if the village of Miraumont falls, the German position between Beaumont Hamel and Gommecourt will be rendered extremely precarious. But if we can push on to Achiet le Grand a readjustment of the enemy's line on a still more considerable scale would become imperative.

Enemy and New Defensive Positions.

No information is available as to the extent of which the Germans have been able to utilise the winter lull to raise up new defensive positions behind Bapaume. It is certain that they can have done very little in this respect either to the west or south of Bapaume, for the ground has been kept under continuous artillery fire. It is extremely probable, therefore, that the Germans have reconciled themselves to the loss of Bapaume at no very remote date.

It would follow from this that, unless Von Hindenburg has decided on a general retirement in the West to new and shorter lines, either along the Meuse or to a new line still nearer to the German frontier, we must look for a more or less stubborn defence of Bapaume in the first instance, to be followed later by a determined effort to cover the great junction at Cambrai.

For, whatever happens, and whatever may be the strategy the Allies pursue in the West, it is to be supposed that the strategical advantages we have won on the Somme will be utilised to the utmost in any plans that have been drawn up.

Germany's Motives.

One question is on everyone's lips in connection with the developments of the last few days. What were Germany's motives in risking war with the United States? Many theories have been advanced, more or less dogmatically, and to each, though not to all, some objection may be urged.

The wisest and most reasonable assumption is that Germany took account of all the possibilities and all the dangers of the policy she decided to pursue, and that, weighing the possibilities against the dangers, she came to the conclusion that in her existing military and economic straits the risk was one which she had no alternative but to take.

Any idea that her decision was in any sense a hasty one may be entirely dismissed. For months past she must have been preparing for the submarine campaign of super-frightfulness which she is now launching. She may have hoped that American warnings were mere bluff and that in any case President Wilson would never go to the extreme length of declaring war.

She entertained the same hope about Great Britain's attitude at the commencement of the war when she launched her legions against Belgium and France. But though she hoped for the best then, she was fully prepared for the worst, and there can hardly be any doubt that this has been her attitude also towards the American danger.

And one can imagine very much the same line of reasoning being pursued in Berlin in both instances. America has also "a contemptible little army" of little more than a hundred thousand men, and in the military sense at least Germany counts confidently on the United States being unable to influence a military decision on the Western front, at anyrate until the spring of next year. And by that time the optimists in Berlin calculate that if only they can starve Britain into surrender the war will be over, and Germany will be in a position to dictate peace on her own terms.

Everything In.

It is conceivably possible, of course, that the enemy's positions is very much more desperate than we imagine.

> As to this there is no reliable information available, for it depends entirely on the question whether the food supplies of the Central Powers are sufficient to last out until the next harvest becomes available.

A statement attributed to the Austrian Food Controller suggests that Germany's partner at least is already almost in extremis. But you never know whether statements of this kind are put out with the deliberate purpose of deceiving. No good purpose is to be served, therefore, by accepting any such dangerous hypothesis as this.

We err at least on the right side if we assume that the efforts Germany is now making represent not an effort of despair, but a last desperate rally to snatch victory out of defeat by throwing all her resources into the scale during the coming spring and summer.

If this is the true reading of the position, it follows that Germany now pins her main hope to her submarine campaign, though it is not impossible that Von Hindenburg may endeavour to frustrate the Allied offensive in the West by himself conducting a great defensive-offensive drive somewhere between the sea and the Swiss frontier.

His plans in this particular will depend in large measure on the reserves that he still has available. But all indications are that during the opening weeks of the Allied offensive at least Germany ought to be able to render a very good account of herself.

Spring conditions begin to prevail so much earlier in the West than in the East that some little time will elapse before the Russian armies also come into play, and of this factor we may be quite certain that Von Hindenburg will endeavour to take full advantage.

And forced, as he has been forced, to take account of the eventuality of America coming into the war on the side of the Allies, we may be quite sure Von Hindenburg recognises that if Germany is to obtain a decision it is a case of this year or never.

> Germany's plans, if we are to accept all that is appearing in the German newspapers, are based on the assumption that it should be possible to starve Great Britain into surrender within six months. Happily there is no danger whatever of this hope being realised, even if the utmost expectations of the Von Tirpitz faction should be brought to fruition.

On this point the most emphatic assurance can be given, for our own authorities foresaw and have provided against the situation which the enemy are now seeking to produce. And if we cannot be starved out in six months it is highly problematical whether we can be starved out at all if our efforts to increase home food production are not jeopardised by the claims of the army on recruits from the agricultural districts.

Germany has unquestionably bent all her energies to turning out submarines on a gigantic scale. But so far as food supplies from neutral countries are concerned what we have most to dread is not the enemy's sea frightfulness as the fear such frightfulness may engender in the minds of neutral shippers. But even in Berlin there must be serious misgiving as to whether in a war of starvation Germany is not likely to succumb first.

GLASGOW PHOTOGRAPHER'S SON KILLED IN ACTION.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

To-day news reached his father that Private P. Roberts, Machine Gun Corps, has been killed in action through being hit by a shell. His officer, writing to Private Roberts' father ("Mr E.," the well-known city photographer), says—"I feel deeply for you in the loss of such a noble boy. He was loved by all his section—both men and non-coms. You and Mrs Roberts have reason to be proud of your boy. He was killed in doing his duty."

Private Roberts, who was nineteen years of age, enlisted in the Glasgow Highlanders, and was subsequently transferred to the Machine Gun Corps.

GREAT CEREAL CROP WANTED.

NO MORE B OR C MEN FROM THE LAND.

MR PROTHERO AND IRISH LABOUR.

Preston, Saturday Night.

Mr R. E. Prothero, President of the Board of Agriculture, to-day addressed a large and influential meeting in the Town Hall, Preston.

Mr Prothero said the duties of agriculturists were two—first, to see that the sufferings of our men at the front were not prolonged so far as they could help, and on the other hand to take care that they did their best on the land to raise food to feed the nation and to feed the army. These were their duties.

He wanted to repeat it with all the emphasis he could command that the farmers had got to throw all their strength into making their existing arable land as productive as possible. What they had to do for 1917 was to get all the arable land cultivated to its fullest extent. What they might do for the crop of 1918 was another thing, and he did not think it was reasonable for the nation to ask farmers to plough up grass for the 1918 crops unless they got a guarantee for some minimum price.

Big Potato Crop Wanted.

He advocated the growing of the greatest possible quantities of cereals and potatoes, and he very much hoped that the movement for using cottage gardens and allotments would grow apace.

The War Agricultural Committees had been supplied with a complete plan as to how seed potatoes could best be got, but the Board could not guarantee the varieties. There was no price maximum or minimum for early varieties, and they would be left to the play of the market. Nor was there either a maximum or minimum for second early potatoes, but for the main crop there was a minimum, which worked out at £6 per ton for six ton lots.

State Advances to Farmers.

The Government were now trying to draw out a scheme by which they could advance money to the farmers for fertilisers, and this was no slight boon He wanted "to get the whole Empire in," and the key to that was that the farmer at home should sacrifice some of his prospects of war profits. India had sacrificed its profits to feed us, Australia had done the same, and we had hoped last year that Canada also would follow suit, but we were too late—as usual—because the farmer was already beginning to get his high profits from Chicago.

The Labour Question.

The big outstanding question was that of labour, and the farmer had been so harassed from pillar to post that he had not known where he was. (Hear, hear.) Where there was no finality the farmer could not lay his plans for any of his agricultural operations. The War Office were calling up Class A men who did not hold certificates of exemption from the Tribunals.

Beyond the number for the whole Kingdom of 30,000 no more men could be taken from agriculture without the express approval and sanction of the War Cabinet. No man holding a certificate of exemption would be called up, and if he had been called up he would be returned to his civil occupation.

> Subject, of course, to military necessities, no more Class B and Class C men were to be taken from agriculture. (Cheers.)

Wherever a farmer had not got more male labour than was contained in the Bath Agreement then, however many women he might get, the male labour would be still retained.

Irish Labour.

In his concluding remarks Mr Prothero said the farmers must be the Kitcheners of agriculture. There were some 6000 German prisoners in Lancs. They were trained agriculturists, and useful men.

Then there was Irish labour. He hoped that in this tremendous necessity these men from Ireland would be used.

A Farmer—Our men won't work with them.

Mr Prothero—That is the difficulty. I was recently speaking to a farmer about Irish labourers. He told me they worked harder, prayed harder, and drank harder than any lot of men he ever came across. (Loud laughter.)

FOUND ON EGYPTIAN BATTLEFIELD

This photo was found in Egypt by Private J. Low, of the Royal Scots. He thinks it belongs to a "Jock" who had taken part in the recent advance there. It is mounted on a Christmas card sent out from Bonnyrigg.

HOW UNCLE SAM CAN STRIKE HARD.

AMERICA'S IMMENSE PREPARATIONS TO HELP THE ALLIES.

INSIDE INFORMATION BY A BRITISHER JUST RETURNED FROM THE STATES.

This article is exclusively contributed to "The Post Sunday Special" by a well-known British publicist, who has just returned from the States.

There he came into contact with many high officials, and learned that the Government had taken time by the forelock, and had been preparing for an outbreak of hostilities.

All America's inexhaustible resources are to be thrown into the scale against the arch enemy of civilisation.

The pro-German plotters are already entangled in the network woven by the American Secret Service, so that any hopes Germany may have of stirring up internecine strife will be rendered nugatory.

NOW that President Wilson has taken the decisive step which sooner or later must bring the United States into the ranks of the Allies, there is no harm in revealing the fact that the American Government had foreseen this contingency many months ago, and have ever since been taking measures to mobilise the resources of the nation with a view to throwing their weight into the scale of civilisation and humanity.

When I was in the United States in the closing part of last year, I saw many unmistakable signs of this preparation for the trouble which the men at the head of affairs knew even then was quite unavoidable. In consequence of the enormous demand from Europe, munition-making is now one of the principal American industries. Millions of tons of shell steel, projectiles, powder and high explosives, with guns of every calibre, small arms, and other weapons have been delivered to the Allies since the autumn of 1914.

But the American munition factories have not been occupied exclusively with foreign contracts. For more than a year they have been fulfilling vast orders for their own Government.

> Two years ago the United States Navy was so short of ammunition that a single engagement at sea would have left its magazines almost empty, and there was absolutely no reserve. There were just enough torpedoes on hand to supply one for every tube in the Fleet!

These facts, which were published on the highest authority and never disputed, may help people on this side to understand why President Wilson and his Cabinet hesitated to embroil their country in the war during its earlier stages.

The Fleet Prepared.

But to-day the circumstances are very different. The Fleet has an abundant supply of powder, shells, and torpedoes, and the naval and military magazines ashore are filled to overflowing with essential munitions. Nor is this all. Had America joined in twelve months ago, she probably would have lost half her warships through submarine attack in the first week of operations. There were no means of defence against the submarine, and the fleet was wholly ignorant of the counter-tactics which have been developed with such signal success by the British Navy.

But since then the American naval authorities have been devoting all their attention to this subject. The fleet has been continuously engaged in exercises and manœuvres, in which every known device and many entirely novel ones, have been tested to determine their efficacy against the under-water menace. Last month the Secretary of the Navy assured certain members of Congress that his department was confident of its ability to take care of the fleet so far as enemy submarines were concerned.

Among other measures, an actual outbreak of war would be followed by the mobilisation of five hundred exceedingly fast and well-armed motor-boats at New York, Boston, and other harbours on the Atlantic coast, the owners having placed themselves and their craft unreservedly at the disposal of their country in case of war. These swift vessels will be used for patrolling the routes followed by incoming and outgoing ships, and their activity will release destroyers and cruisers for service out at sea.

From personal knowledge acquired from two recent visits to the New York dockyard and many ships of the Atlantic Fleet, I can testify to the splendid efficiency of the modern American Navy in everything that pertains to fighting power.

America's Inexhaustible Resources.

What America may do from the military point of view is, at this moment, quite impossible to forecast. In the beginning, at all events, public opinion would probably be averse to sending troops to Europe, if only because the standing army is so small that the despatch of even half a dozen divisions would leave the country practically denuded of regular troops.

> But a declaration of war will certainly be followed by a tremendous rush of volunteers, and in its desire to shorten the struggle the American Government is quite likely to form a powerful expeditionary force for service with the Anglo-French armies.

Meanwhile, thousands of young Americans will cross the border to enlist in the Canadian Army, following the noble example of those earlier thousands who did not wait for their Government's permission to fight for liberty and honour.

On the material side, American intervention means the throwing open to the Allies of the inexhaustible resources of the greatest manufacturing country on earth. America's reserves of iron, steel, coal, and oil are boundless. Hitherto we have been able to draw upon them—at a price, and under various handicaps which the strict neutrality of Washington imposed. The American mercantile marine, which is growing at a phenomenal rate, will swell the volume of tonnage available to the Allies, and the whole of the American shipyards will join in the work of making good the losses caused by German piracy.

In all likelihood the scores of German and Austrian steamers which have been interned since the war began will be immediately commandeered and used for transporting foodstuffs and munitions. The most notable of these prizes is the gigantic liner Vaterland, of 50,000 tons. The United States authorities have already stationed armed guards on board these steamers, and we may hope that any attempt to destroy or disable them will be severely dealt with.

The Pro-German Plotters.

Germany is said to be placing great reliance on the ability of her agents and sympathisers in the States to embarrass the Government by provoking civil strife, destroying public buildings, munition factories, &c., and generally making enough trouble to keep the whole armed forces of the nation too busy to take part in the war. I have no hesitation, however, in saying that she will be rudely disappointed.

In conversation with an important Government official at Washington last December, I raised this very question. His answer was that the trouble had been foreseen, and that the steps taken to meet it would come as an unpleasant surprise to the conspirators.

> The secret service bureau knows the names and whereabouts of every individual who has in any way been associated with pro-German plots, and at the first hint of danger they would be clapped into gaol for the duration of the war.

For more than a year the police force of New York and every other great city have been equipped with machine-guns and rifles as a precaution against pro-German rioters, and there is no doubt whatever that these weapons will be freely used if the Hun sympathisers turn ugly. That grim old gentleman, Judge Lynch, is not dead yet, and he is quite capable of taking the law into his own hands if the "hyphenates" are guilty of treachery to their adopted country.

Knowing these things, I am confident that the German element as a whole will lie low.

Germany's Insensate Folly.

That American intervention will tend to shorten the war very considerably must be obvious to all who give any thought to what it signifies. Her wealth alone is enough to turn the scale, and it is in thus wantonly provoking the hostility of the American financial world that Germany's rulers have shown their insensate folly.

> Hitherto the Allies have been compelled to deposit securities for every war order they placed in the United States, and it was this continuous drain on their capital which rendered the financial burden of the war so serious. But with America actively on our side it is certain that this burden will be greatly eased, and the credit of the Allies will rise as rapidly as German credit sinks.

The wealth of Britain is the foundation that supports the anti-German Alliance, and the Germans are quite right when they profess to fear our wealth as much as our Navy and Army. But in that case what madness must have prompted them to quarrel with America, which beyond all doubt is the richest country on earth? We are often invited to regard the Germans as a nation of almost diabolically clever people, but have their actions during the war justified that view?

The truth is, their military leaders have vied with their statesmen in perpetrating a series of colossal blunders, compared to which our own mistakes have been insignificant. The super-intellect of the Teuton never was anything more than a myth. In common with the alleged "invincibility" of the German Army, it has now been exploded for good.

The World Electrified.

The cables bring tidings of the tremendous wave of enthusiasm which is sweeping the United States from end to end, now that the President has taken a decisive stand. Newspapers in every State in the Union positively welcome the coming war as a release from a situation which had grown intolerable.

Few people here have any idea of the intense anti-German feeling which prevails throughout an overwhelming section of the States. Compelled by the neutrality of their Government to remain spectators of the countless atrocious crimes which Germany has committed in the last thirty months, the anger of the American nation has been gradually reaching boiling point. And now that the breach has come they are certain to demand an active part in the chastisement of the criminals.

The promptitude with which the President broke off relations with Germany in answer to her crowning insult has electrified the world. But he could do nothing else. Had he hesitated or suggested any compromise, the pent-up wrath of the people would have burst out with irresistible force.

At one dramatic stroke Mr Wilson has restored not only America's prestige among other nations, but the self-respect of her own people.

FATE OF MUTINOUS "YELLOW DRAGOONS."

German Deserter's Confession of Untold Horrors of Huns' Campaign Through Belgium.

This confession of a German deserter, as related to an Englishman, who prior to the war was instructor in foreign languages at Berlin War Academy, reveals many new facts about the Huns' barbarous conduct in Belgium. The following story deals with the period when Von Haesler was becoming very nervous about his communications with Cologne.

"IT was in Liege that Prince Joachim got wounded. They told in the Berlin papers afterwards that he had been wounded while leading a charge, but we in Liege knew that a sniper's bullet had met him. It stands to reason that one cannot receive a wound in the back of the body if one is in front of the troops. Anyhow, both Joachim and Von Haesler determined to clear Liege. Somebody—they said they were Russian students—obligingly tried to initiate a revolt by firing from the parapet of the University at the massed troops.

"We started then. We beat and bayoneted the people off the streets, and beat and bayoneted them out of their houses again. We had orders to spare nothing, and the orders were executed to the last letter.

"The fun of the fair came in the evening. The Staff ordered that, as the reward for our zeal, we were to have the freedom of the town. We had received orders to proceed into the interior on the following day, and we determined to enjoy ourselves. We had seen that the next day was to be the end for many of us. Whether the Belgians enjoyed it is another question.

"Shortly after we left Liege our regiment was reinforced by a siege battery of Austrians. They were regular devils, and we had much trouble with them; it was only after we had shot twelve of them that we had any peace in the regiment. Nobody minded stealing from the Belgians, for that was licensed, but the Austrian rabbits used to steal from everybody. We had some very heavy fighting after Liege, and from the orders that were being issued from time to time it seemed that things were worse at the rear.

"The frontier smugglers had ambushed themselves further down in the Wallony, and they were being helped by the populace.

The Revenge Call.

"We first noticed that the field post office broke down badly. For some reason or other this branch of the service had been left in the hands of the civilian administration, and the Berliners were afraid to risk their skins in running the gauntlet.

"Our next trouble came when old Von Haesler outdistanced his commissariat, and we received orders that each man had to fend for himself in the matter of provisions. As it was left to us, we lived like fighting cocks, until we found that the verdammte Belgians began to burn all the surplus provisions.

"It was when we fought our way through the Belgian and French Armies before Louvain that we were issued the 1914 bayonet with the saw edge. Officially we were told that it was only to be used as a weapon against barbed wire, but we used it against everything and everybody.

"I shall never forget the time when the Commandant called for greater stringency against disaffected civilians, and in support of this order each soldier was handed a 'Revenge call' signed by the Committee of German Refugees from Antwerp who had fled to Germany and Holland. It related some horrible things that had been done to the Germans while we were in Herbesthal, and as it was signed by the President of the Reichstag and the Kaiser's chaplain, we had to believe it. 'Freiherr von Bolle—our regimental commander—addressed us, and said—'You have read what your brothers and sisters have suffered. Let the hand of the Fatherland lie heavily on its enemies.' And so it was, but enough has already been written on this subject, and I want to forget some of the things I saw.

A Costly Mistake.

"Soon we approached Louvain. There has been much written about the sack of this town. We, of course, had our spies there, and they reported that there was much disaffection caused by the clergy, but no word of open hostility. However, Louvain was decided on as the last example.

"The fun began when, by accident, one company of Saxon soldiers, who had entered the town later in the night, fired on one of the Landwehr regiments who were standing guard on the square before the station. The Saxons had not known of the arrival of the Landwehrmanner, who were not dressed in the field grey uniform and pickelhaube (spiked helmet), but in Prussian blue and the old shako that dated from '70. The Belgian soldiers were also clothed in blue, and in some way the mistake could be understood.

"The alarm was sounded, and the officers told us that we were surrounded by the Belgian and British troops. The Belgians seemed to be liberally provided with weapons, and after a while they fought us to a standstill, for we were dead tired.

"As things had not turned out to the Staff's expectations, we were called off till reinforcements hurried up, and then we began to take hostages.

"By this time the upper part of the town, where the University is situated, was burning, and we retired behind the station. The franc-tireurs were still busy. They had captured some machine guns from us, and they shot from the roof.

"The 'Yellow Dragoons,' the Berlin regiment, threw down their arms and refused to shoot, because they were so tired that they could scarcely stand. They were not punished then, but in the one big fight that we had before Antwerp they were dismounted and sent to cross the river. I have not heard that any of them were saved. After the pacification of Louvain we had a riotous night dance in the public garden.

The Sad and Silent Belgian Capital.

"It was only when we reached Brussels that we had our first good rest since leaving Germany, but we were soon busy again. Something had gone wrong with the blood-vessels in my head, and I was detailed for garrison police duty in the capital.

"We were then transferred from the Great General Staff to the jurisdiction of the Intelligence Bureau, and I had a splendid time, though the underhand work of spying and denouncing was not to my liking. Before I was sent forward to the Antwerp lines I had some good experiences in spy-hunting, especially against the British agents.

"At first matters in Brussels were not very pleasant. We were lined up for the march into the town, and off we went, with the regimental flags flying and the bands shrieking the 'Wacht am Rhein,' while behind us the Austrians bellowed 'God save Franz the Kaiser.'

"But one could feel that it was different from Louvain or Aerschot. In the University town we made our triumphal march through streets where one could almost hear the breaking of hearts. Every blind was drawn, and, save for a few reckless loafers, the streets were deserted. I think it was because of the so pronounced sorrow and resignation of the Louvain people that old Manteufel ordered the evacuation of the town and later sent in the pioneers to burn up the houses.

The Frightfulness of the Huns.

"Before the burning Manteufel selected an awful night, when the rain was falling in torrents, and ordered the evacuation to be completed in a few hours. I have since seen many things, but never anything to equal the clearing away of the population. Men, children, old women, and babies just born could only escape destruction by flight. Whither they went no one knew or cared.

"It was just after we left the still burning town, over which a heavy pall of acrid smoke hung for weeks, that we ran into a troop of about twenty Belgian soldiers. They had been separated from their regiments when we defeated them at Tirlemont, and were evidently trying to regain their units. They immediately surrendered when they saw us, for we were a complete army, but Von Manteufel said that he had no time to send prisoners to the rear, and so we shot them. We had no time to bury them, for we were endeavouring to capture the Belgian General Staff, with their King, and so we had a forced march right through to Brussels, where we arrived only just too late.

"As I have already told you, something had happened to my head, and as no man could be then spared, I was attached to the Intelligence Department. Brussels was overrun with spies, not all Germans, and we had the duty of arresting suspects, most of whom were shot without trial, on the orders of the commanding officer. We had been delayed for a fortnight by the defence of the Belgians, and we had yet to smash Antwerp before capturing Paris. So you will understand that we had no time for field Courts-Martial, and, moreover, we knew they were guilty.

Drugged Before the Attack.

"Things seemed to be going bad for us before Antwerp. It was not long before we could hear the screeching of the guns, and then the wounded came in. Liege was left far behind.

"What I expected happened, and the day drew near when I, with the other convalescents, went out to the front. As we drew nearer the battle line the stench became horrible. I was enrolled in my old regiment, and after a lot of skirmishing and wild fighting we were told off to rest, as we were to attempt to force the passage of the first river.

"Here the Belgians had erected semi-permanent field works. Before the attack we were liberally drugged, and then we marched out into the darkness. We could see the dangerous arms of the searchlights from the fortifications looking for us, but we fought right up to the river.

"We fought for years, it seemed, and then we got across and into the fort. Before Antwerp, as before Liege, no quarter was given and no prisoners taken, and the Belgians—most of them young boys that I could break in my hands—were every whit as bad. But we won, and then, while the long-distance guns began to drop their shells on us, we fought each other. It was only the arrival of a Bavarian regiment that prevented us exterminating each other. We were marched back under escort like a squad of prisoners—all that were left of us, and we fought again only in the last assault on the other works of Antwerp.

Driven from their homes by the Huns.

In the Hands of the Huns—An Englishwoman's vivid experience in Berlin when Germany was making ready for war.

HOW I KILLED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ROOT AND ALL.

Hindoo Secret Banished it So It Never Returned After Electricity and Many Depilatories Had Failed.

LET ME SEND YOU MY FREE HELP

Until nearly middle age I was sorely troubled by hideous Superfluous Hairs. My face was a sight, with a heavy moustache on my lip and a tough beard on my chin. My arms also were heavily covered. I tried one thing after another without success. The electric needle only made the growth worse. Finally, my husband, a noted Surgeon and an Officer in the British Army, secured from a Native Hindoo Soldier (whose life he saved) the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which forbids Hindoo women to have the slightest trace of hair except on their head. I used it, and in a few days my hair-growths had entirely disappeared. To-day not a trace of it can be found. It has been killed for ever, root and all. I will send Free and without obligation to any one, full information so that you can follow my example and completely destroy all trace without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations, and write to me to-day, giving your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me 2 penny stamps to cover my outlay, for posting. Address: Frederica Hudson, Suite 252C, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.

Don't be neglected on account of your superfluous hair. Banish it.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE.—

BY RIDGWELL CULLUM.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Ruxton Farlow straightened himself up and glanced about him at the bare stone walls, from the joints of which the cement had long since fallen. He looked up at the worm-eaten oaken rafters which had stood the wear of centuries. The flooring which they supported had long since fallen into decay, and he only wondered how much longer those sturdy oaken beams would continue to support the colossal weight of the millstones now resting from their grinding labours.

Through the rents which time and weather had wrought he saw the warm glow of daylight above, for all was ruin in the great old mill, ruin within and without. As it was with the walls of stone and the great tower of woodwork above them, so it was with the outbuildings beyond the doorway, within which he stood. The walls remained, heavily buttressed by the hardy hands of a race of men who had understood so well the necessity for fortifying their homes against all eventualities, but the timbers of the roofs had long since fallen victims to the inclemencies of the seasons and the ruthless "north-easters" which probably since the time when the iron shores of Britain first emerged from beneath the waters had beaten their relentless wings against the barrier which held up their freedom.

Ruxton set his lantern on the ground and moved away to the wide doorway, which no longer possessed the remotest sign of the old wooden doors which had probably been at one time heavy enough to resist a siege. Here he drew a letter from his pocket, and read it carefully over by the light of the sunset:—

"Dear Mr Farlow,—I never knew your wonderful coast could be so interesting, even absorbing. I feel I owe you personal thanks for a delightful time, simply because you live—where you live. I have discovered a most wonderful spot. I say discovered, but probably you have known it from the days when you were first able to toddle about by yourself. However, I must tell you of it. It is an old old ruined mill, regarded by the folks on your coast as an evil place which is haunted by the spirits of the smugglers who once upon a time used it as the headquarters for their nefarious trade. But the incredible part of it is we unearthed a secret in it which has remained hidden for generations, possibly centuries. Now listen carefully and I will tell you of this secret. In the middle of the stone chamber under the mill there is the entrance to a passage which communicates with that villainous cove over which the evil eye of the old mill for ever gazes. Six inches beneath the surface of the debris on the floor there is a slate slab, and on raising this you will discover a stone staircase which goes down, down—follow it and you shall see what you shall see. I have since discovered that this is the only means of reaching the beach of the cove—unless you possess wings. But I began this note with the intention of only telling you how much I am looking forward to seeing you again on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. I do hope you are taking full advantage of your vacation from Parliamentary work, and are storing up plenty of good health upon your wonderful, wonderful moors.—Yours very sincerely, Vita Vladimir."

Ruxton refolded the letter and put it away. He understood it was the final summons to that great adventure which was to tell him of the threat overshadowing his beloved country.

He had obeyed it readily, eagerly, and now that the reality of the whole thing was developing he paused to consider the motives urging him.

He was going to witness things first hand. He was glad. His understanding of duty assured him that it was the only means by which he could hope to convince others when the time came. But was this his sole motive? Was this the motive which had inspired that feeling of exaltation when he first read the perfumed note, so carefully written lest it should fall into wrong hands? He knew it was not.

His eyes were raised to the glistening sea away beyond the cove. He was gazing straight out through the narrow opening of the cove where the precipitous cliffs rose sheer out of the blue waters and marked the entrance which the country-folk sensationally loved to call "Hell's Gate." His mind was searching and probing the feelings which inspired him, and he knew that the beckoning hand of the woman was exercising a greater power than any sense of duty. He did not blind himself. He had no desire to. Those dark Slavonic eyes of his were wide and bright, and the half smile of them was full of an eager warmth. The idealist mind behind them was widely open to its own imagery. He saw through those Hell's Gates the perfect, palpitating figure which had poured out its burden of soul to him on the edge of those very cliffs, and she was—beckoning.

The youth of him had been engulfed in the soul of the woman. Nor as yet did he realise the extent of the power she was exercising. All he knew was that he had neither the power nor desire to resist the summons, and herein lay the distinguishing mark of those whom Destiny claims.

After a few moments he glanced at his watch. And at once the alertness of the man was displayed. It was twenty minutes to eight, and shortly after eight it would be low tide. The appointment had been made with regard to that, and that while he approached from the land she would come by water. Therefore he must not delay.

Dismissing every other consideration, he turned back to the mysterious stairway he had unearthed, and began its descent, aided by the light of the lantern he had discovered secreted upon the top step, ready for his use.

His progress was rapid and easy. The vaulted, declining passage beneath the mill was high and wide, and constructed of masonry calculated to withstand the erosion of ages. It was moist and slimy, and the steps were at times slippery, but these things were no deterrents.

The stairway, however, seemed endless in the dim lantern light, and by the time he had completed the journey he had counted upwards of one hundred steps. At the bottom he paused and looked back up the way he had come, but in the blackness of the tunnel his light revealed little more than the first few steps.

Without further pause he turned to ascertain the nature of the place upon which the stairway had debouched. It was a wide and lofty cavern of Nature's fashioning, except that the walls and the natural obstructions of the flooring had been rendered smooth and clear by the hand of man. It was easy to estimate the purposes of this subterranean abode. There was less imagination in the legends of the old mill than he had supposed. If the books of his childish reading had any foundation in their local colour this was certainly the den of some old-time smugglers.

He passed rapidly along the declining passage, and the end of it came as he expected to find it. It was a cave which opened in the face of the cliff overlooking the cove, but so ingeniously hidden by Nature that its presence could never have been even guessed at by any chance visit from the sea.

He stood at the opening and gazed out upon the already twilit cove. But he could not see the sea from where he stood; only along the face of the cliff to his right, down which, zigzagging and winding, a sort of rough-hewn stairway communicated with the beach below. In front of him a great projection of rock, as though riven from the main cliff at some far-off time by the colossal forces of Nature, hid the entire entrance of the cavern. And so narrow was the space intervening that he could touch it with an outstretching of his arm. It was a remarkable hiding-place. Nor did he marvel that he had never heard of it before. But the rapidly-deepening twilight of the cove warned him of the approach of the hour of his appointment. So he blew out his lantern and began the descent to the beach, nearly fifty feet below.

Within five minutes he was standing in the centre of a patch of golden sand, with the still ebbing water of the cove lapping gently at his feet.

A curious change had come over him. All interest inspired by the journey through the cavern was entirely gone. Even for the time he had no longer any thought of the purpose for which he was there. His mind was absorbed in the curious weird of the place and the dreadful feeling of overwhelming might bearing in and down upon him.

The appalling grey barrenness, the height of the frowning ramparts which surrounded him on all sides, except the narrow opening to the sea. The absolute inaccessibility of those frowning walls, and the melancholy scream of the thousands of gulls which haunted the place. It was tremendous. It was terrible. But added to all these things was a discovery which he made almost upon the instant. With the instinct of personal security his eyes sought the high-water mark upon the beach. There was none. It was high up on the cliff sides at no point less than ten feet above the highest point of the beach. Herein lay the terror of the cove which lived in the minds of the dwellers upon the moors. Here was its real terror. A rising tide, and the secret of the smuggler's cavern undiscovered, and—death! He smiled as he thought of the name given to the entrance to the cove. Hell's Gate! It was surely——

"Ahoy!"

The cry echoed about the grey walls in haunting fashion. Ruxton was startled out of his reverie. In a moment his repulsion at what he beheld was forgotten. He remembered only his purpose, and his searching eyes gazed out over the water.

"Ahoy!" he replied when the last echo of the summons had died out.

He could see no boat. He could discover no human being. And—it was a man's voice that had hailed him.

Do not miss next week's instalment, which tells of Ruxton's wonderful voyage on the grey North Sea.

THE PRICE OF PAIN.

Women should realise that it is not war-time economy to be ill. Pain has its price. The money saved by self-neglect has to be paid over and over again in permanent ill-health and loss of working power. What use is it to save the cost of a little medicine now, and run the risk of ruining your constitution by not taking care of yourself while there is time?

A woman who allows herself to suffer, as most women are liable to suffer at intervals, is laying up a terrible future for herself in after years. The backache and pain in the side and hips which lay her for a day on the sofa, or make her life a misery as she heroically refuses to give up, are only the present signs. Every time she neglects these she is preparing for worse trouble and perhaps total invalidism later on. She is allowing her blood to grow poorer and poorer, until it will be too weak and thin to sustain her. The new, rich blood which Dr Williams' pink pills will give her will ease her present pain and protect her future health. Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people can be obtained of any dealer, but be on your guard against substitutes.

A free book, "Plain Talks to Women" (send post card to Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London), will tell you much that every woman should know.

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PERSONAL GOSSIP FROM THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS

Neil Kenyon is referred to pretty freely as the comedian who will take the Harry Lauder part in the touring company of "Three Cheers," but I do not think anything definite has yet been settled.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has accepted Mr Frank Allen's offer to present a stirring message from Admiral Beatty to the nation upon the screen at the Moss Empire theatres throughout the country.

The Glasgow Theatre Royal pantomime finished last night, and this week is "closed doors," this, I understand, being absolutely necessary to allow of the elaborate pantomime scenery being taken away and the Carl Rosa scenery taken in.

Old favourites are, I notice, in the Carl Rosa cast which Mr Winckworth is bringing to Glasgow, and include "Teddy" Davies, Hebden Foster, F. C. Hedmondt, and Beatrice Miranda.

Gilbert Payne, who, I daresay, is known all over Scotland as an entertainer and producer of great promise, has, I hear, been fixed up by Mr Albert de Courville for a run in one of this great American producer's revues in London. It is quite easy to predict a successful run for Mr Payne.

Dunfermline will be honoured in the course of the next few weeks by the production for the first time of a sketch by Mr John Clyde The sketch has been written by a well-known Glasgow commercial gentleman, and, without giving anything away, I feel at liberty to say that it is one of the most thrilling sketches ever put on the road.

I hear that Harry W. Shields is scoring big successes with his war playlet, "Freedom or H——!" The story unfolds a stirring episode of the German-Dutch frontier. Mr Shields, who is supported by Miss Minnie Ray, a well-known Glasgow actress, plays his part with fine dramatic fervour. At the same time, there is a real "Bairnsfather" touch of comedy through the sketch. It will be remembered that Mr Shields produced the successful revue "Cheer O!"

The educated chimpanzee Hiawatha, who has for many weeks made Glasgow crowds laugh so heartily by his quaint antics, is making a journey east to fulfil an engagement at the Dundee Palace. This member of jungle society has been brought up and educated after the manner of a human being, and his training has been so perfect that he adopts man's clothing with perfect ease, whilst he can wield a knife and fork, use a tumbler, revel with a cigarette, which he lights himself, and also take a little exercise by mounting a cycle. If he goes on at this rate he will soon be telling us when peace will be declared!

(1) Miss Rosie Sergarnie, as "Posy Quinney" in "Quinneys," at Her Majesty's Theatre, Dundee; (2) Mr Harry W. Shiels and Miss Minnie Ray, in "Freedom or ——," at the Glasgow Olympia; (3) Miss Beatrice Miranda, Carl Rosa Opera Coy. (in "Aida"), to appear at Glasgow Theatre Royal; (4) 8 Royal Kilty Lasses, in "Mother Hubbard," at the King's Theatre, Dundee; (5) Lena Locke, in "Babes in the Wood," at the Leith Alhambra; (6) Jack O'Connor (Jack and Evelyn), at the Edinburgh Empire.

"Quinneys" is now enjoying its fourth tour, and after visiting Dundee this week for the first time, will repay second visits to Edinburgh and Glasgow. It is the play in which Henry Ainley, now a bombardier in the army, made a great success. Mr Edward Irwin is Mr Ainley's natural successor. He likewise is a Yorkshireman, and son of the late Sir George Irwin, a distinguished citizen of Leeds. Mr Irwin, who toured with Wilson Barrett for over eighteen years, has written many plays, and he collaborated in the Terry-Neilson success, "Sunday."

A FAVOURITE OF THE PRINCE'S.

George Ali is absolutely "It" as an impressionist of dogs and cats. He is at present taking part in the pantomime, "Mother Hubbard," which comes from the Glasgow Coliseum to the King's Theatre, Dundee, the Florrie Forde pantomime going across to the Coliseum. George is simply great as a bulldog—he introduces all the comical antics of a pet dog. The way he "works" his "expression" is amazingly smart. George Ali is a great favourite of the Prince of Wales. He has performed before several European monarchs.

ON HIS NATIVE HEATH.

Leith folk will have the opportunity of seeing a pantomime written by an Edinburgh man, Mr George Hirste who started his commercial career with a steamship company. George plays the part of the Baron in this show, "The Babes in the Wood," which is presented by Lola Charm; and his wife, Miss Eva Venton, plays second boy. It is Mr Hirste's first appearance in pantomime on his native heath, although his music hall act, "The Tramp Who Waited," is well known there. His brother, Mr Harry Farrow, is at present touring with great success in Australian vaudeville.

ALWAYS READY TO ENTERTAIN THE WOUNDED.

The Eight Royal Kilty Lasses, who claim to form the only girls' pipe band in the world, and who are in the pantomime "Mother Hubbard" visiting the King's, Dundee, this week, took part in the great Allied War Market in London last June, and helped to raise a huge sum of money for the wounded soldiers. They have also given their services to entertain wounded almost in every town they have visited throughout the kingdom, and I can promise the wounded soldiers in Dundee the possibility of enjoying a turn by these clever lasses. All their fathers are piper soldiers at the front.

WITH SCOTTISH NURSES ON BATTLE FRONTS.

How Dr Hutchison Rescued the Union Jack.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

ONE of the most deeply touching stories associated with the work of the Scottish Women's Hospital services was related to me when I had the privilege of securing much new information about this great work of bravery, endurance, and self-sacrifice.

At Royaumont, in France, where the Scottish ladies established a hospital, a Frenchwoman came to see her son, who was being treated by the staff. The soldier, despite his many wounds and his consequent suffering, was smiling, and expressed himself quite happy in the care of the good ladies from Scotland. The poor mother was overwhelmed to observe that so much care was being bestowed upon her boy.

With tears in her eyes she said that she had nothing to give the hospital, much as she would like to, because she was so poor. The Scottish ladies told her not to worry. Their duty in that hospital was just a pleasure, and they assured the mother that they would do their very best to restore her son to health and strength. The mother went away rejoicing, but with her mind fully made up that she would repay them in some way for their kindness. And this is how the grateful Frenchwoman did it.

In her village there were two nameless graves of British soldiers, and she now tends these graves regularly, supplying them with fresh flowers.

This is one of the countless incidents full of dramatic pathos experienced by these gallant ladies, and it has been these humble expressions of gratitude that have helped to encourage them when stress of war and weather have had a tendency to make their work extremely hard.

"The heart of a woman is a treasure through which God works for the betterment of humanity," wrote Queen Natalie of Serbia in the visitor's book after a visit to the Abbey of Royaumont, and these words could not be applied with more truism than in regard to the Scottish Women's Hospital Services.

With the Serbian Units.

The most adventurous experiences have befallen ladies connected with Serbian units. The first arrived in Serbia in January, 1915, just after the Austrians had been driven over the Serbian frontier, leaving in its wake thousands of sick and wounded. In Kragujevatz, the arsenal of Serbia, the wounded were lying almost unattended in practically every available building in the town—two or three upon mattresses, shivering and verminous, in the identical uniforms worn by them on the field.

Typhus spread with great rapidity, and every hospital was full to overflowing. At Valjevo 70,000 cases of typhus were lying unattended, and Dr Eleanor Sultan, in addition to opening other buildings in Kragujevatz and hurrying forward equipment and personnel from Scotland, undertook to nurse some of these.

They arrived at midnight in ox waggons after a journey of 24 hours, and every one of these was saved. Hospitals were opened at Valjevo, Mladanovatz, and Lazarovatz, all of which worked through the summer of 1915, until the German invasion swept all before it. The Valjevo unit fell into the hands of the enemy, and eventually found themselves on the plains of Hungary.

The Privations of the Retreat.

The story of the famous retreat over snow-capped mountains 7000 feet high with food at famine prices and shelter often not procurable is one of the dramatic pages of the history of the war already told, but it says much for the grit of the Scottish women that all arrived with one exception safely at the coast. And what of those who remained behind. Dr Inglis refused to leave while there were Serbian soldiers needing their help, and they often had as many as 1200 wounded in hospital at one time.

One of the most dramatic incidents of these exciting days was the rescuing of the Union Jack by Dr Alice Hutchison. Her party had been sent to Vrnatsetka Banja Krushevatz ostensibly to be attached to the Austrian General Hospital, No. 26, but on arrival all their equipment was seized, and they were taken into Austria-Hungary. The unit had a Union Jack in their possession, and to save it from falling into the hands of the enemy Dr Hutchison wore it for six weeks below her blouse and skirt, carrying it all through Hungary, and then to Vienna, and finally through Austria to Switzerland. When the party crossed the Swiss frontier they waved the flag out of the window of the train, and sang lustily "God Save the King."

A charming chauffeur attached to one of the units.

Writing from Salonika, one of the staff, speaking of the Serbs, says:—"They are so inexpressibly sad. One man had to leave his wife dying to join his regiment, and during that terrible retreat he came across the dead bodies of two of his children. I used to say I never could make him smile, but he did smile before he left, and actually showed me how to dance the national Serbian dance.

"One day I had in two brothers who had not seen each other since the beginning of the war. Each thought the other must be dead, and then they found themselves together in one bath-house. Unfortunately we had to separate them, as one had dysentery, but when he was better our C.O. very kindly asked the doctor to let us have him back. It was really touching to see the two meet again. Eventually they both went off together, radiantly happy and full of gratitude."

Establishing Royaumont Hospital.

The hospital's first unit was one of relief for the Belgians. The committee next turned its attention to France, and a unit of 100 beds, fully equipped with all the latest modern surgical appliances, under Dr Frances Ivens, of Liverpool, was offered, and at once accepted by the Croix Rouge Francaise, and the Abbaye de Royaumont placed at the disposal of the committee. The nurses went into the abbey just exactly as the nuns had left it ten years before. There was not a vestige of furniture in the place, but in no time a transformation scene had taken place.

Work soon began in real earnest, and the women chauffeurs were plying between Creil and the hospital for wounded. Soon the hospital had to be extended to 100 beds, and after the Somme advance to 400 at the urgent request of the French authorities. Wounded poured in night and day. About 170 patients were admitted in the course of two days, and on one occasion Dr Ivens was at the operating table from nine o'clock in the morning till five o'clock the following morning, only to be at it again a few hours later for another long spell.

It is perhaps not generally known that the committee has also provided a unit for the Serbian division with the Roumanians, for which the Russians, equally impressed with the excellent work of the Scottish women, have found the necessary funds. Dr Elsie Inglis is back again, and hard at work after her trying experiences.

With such a record, surely when that victory to which we are all anxiously looking forward has been achieved, the Scottish Women's Hospitals, which are organised and directed from the headquarters of the Society at 2 St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, can look back with pride upon the part they have played in the war for freedom.

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F. & H. REEVES Present
HIGH EXPLOSIVES.
Cast includes—
ROBERT REILLY, HARRY MAXAM, KITTY LYSON, &c., &c.
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MISS FLORRIE FORDE,
And Her Gorgeous Pantomime,
"ROBINSON CRUSOE."
All-Star Cast includes—
Miss FLORRIE FORDE as "Robinson Crusoe," REG. BOLTON as "Billy Cruise."
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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in
FACING THE MUSIC,
A Triangle Drama.
THE FIGHTING FORCES IN EUROPE.
Three Parts.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 15th, 16th, 17th Feb.
"TATTERLEY,"
From the Novel by Tom Gallon.
LUKE AND THE MERMAIDS.
Pathe Comedy.

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MON., TUES., WED. 12th, 13th, 14th Feb.
"A WOMAN'S FIGHT" (Drama).
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Supported by Full Programme.

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(Famous Player Film).
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MONDAY—8. CHINA, Part 4.
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NOTE.—MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19th.
THE WHOLE WEEK—at 11.15, 12.45, 2.30, 4.0, 5.40, 7.15, and 8.45—
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OFFICIAL FILM OF THE BATTLE OF THE ANCRE.
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In "THE RAVEN,"
A Brilliant 5-Act Representation from the Life of Edgar Allen Poe.
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Next Week—THE ADVANCE OF THE TANKS. Featuring MATHESON LANG as "SHYLOCK."

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4 ACTS. EXCLUSIVE.
A Story of the Wilds of South America.
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"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

SHARP RISE IN VALUES WILL FOLLOW CLOSING OF WAR LOAN RISKS.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday Night.

CONSIDERING the effects of the constant dribbling of small lots of stock on the market for the purpose of subscribing for War Loan, quotations have held up wonderfully well, and there have not been wanting even one or two features to relieve the monotony caused by the diversion of attention to the great National issue.

The position has been further complicated by the possible entry of the United States into the war, and perhaps also of Brazil. At the same time prices have now fallen to so low a level, and stock is in such short supply, that, when after the closing of the War Loan lists the normal current of investment is resumed, all indications point to a sharp rise in values all round.

GENEROUS YIELDS ON HOME RAILS.

The market which has chiefly been in favour with far-sighted investors has been that of Home Rails, and this is not surprising in view of the generous yields now offering here. To give some examples, North-Western, at 97 cum dividend, or 93½ ex dividend, offer over 6½ per cent. North-Eastern, at 101 cum dividend, or 97 ex dividend, yield 6 11-16 per cent.

Amongst cheaper stocks, South-Western Deferred, at 24½ cum dividend, or 23 ex dividend, offer 6½ per cent. A very progressive stock is Great Central 1894 5 Per Cent. Preference, quoted at 33, which includes the dividend of 2 per cent. declared for the past year, so that the yield thereof works out to about 6½ per cent.

The most disappointing announcement has been that the Underground Electric Railways, reducing the dividend on the 6 Per Cent. Income Bonds for the past year to 5 per cent. The quotation has thereupon fallen to about 86 cum dividend, thus giving a yield of over 5½ per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, which makes the Bonds look very attractive as a lock-up.

RUBBER AT 3s 4d PER POUND—SHARE MARKET AWAITING A LEAD.

The sharpening of the German submarine activity has had the effect of accentuating the demand for Plantation Rubber, the price of which has consequently shot up to 3s 4d per pound. The Share market has, however, remained in a more or less quiescent condition, awaiting a fresh lead, which is expected to be forthcoming after the closing of the War Loan lists. Moreover, a number of important Directors' reports are due shortly, and these should, in the ordinary course of events, have a stimulating effect upon dealings. In the meantime there have been forthcoming a number of reports of holdings companies, which show that these concerns have done very well.

The hope is now expressed that the Treasury will now give their consent to dealings in the shares of the Culloden Consolidated, especially in view of the fact that this is an amalgamation of the Culloden Tea and Rubber Investment Company and the Rubber Share Trust and Finance Company, so that the transaction did not involve the transfer of any new money, and it is certainly hard upon the shareholders that there is no market at present for their shares. The Orient Trust, too, has done well, and is paying a dividend of 7½ per cent. for the past year, as against 5 per cent. for the preceding year.

A FEW FEATURES IN OILS.

The Oil market has not been much more active than other departments, although a few features have served to relieve the monotony to some extent. Shells and Royal Dutch have shown uneasiness, owing to misgivings as regards the position in Holland.

Russian Oil shares, however, have been strengthened by the reopening of the Petrograd Bourse, Russian Generals, North Caucasians, and Spies being chiefly favoured. Our old favourite, Kern Rivers, have been in good form, and have touched 8s 10½d, now standing at 8s 9d. Mexican Eagles are easier on fears of the submarine activity interfering with shipments. Probably for the same reason there has been a moderate decline in Burmah Oils.

KAFFIRS VERY DULL.

It would appear that at the last moment some of the small holders of Kaffir shares have been selling so as to get into the War Loan; hence prices are generally lower. Brakpan and Cons. Mines Selection, and even Government Mining Areas have eased, while East Rand Mining Estates, which had been pushed up to 15s 6d, have relapsed to 14s 9d, although there is a possibility that the new Transvaal Mining Leases Bill will become law during the next session at Cape Town, and that something will be done for the Grootvlei property of this concern.

There is also a prospect of a number of other leases being offered by the Union Government for tender, as they have decided not to go in for State mining, but to gradually sell some of the Far Eastern Rand leases. This should bring more life into the Kaffir market, apart from the dividends which are now being paid out.

RHODESIANS AND DIAMONDS DULL.

There is also weakness in the Rhodesian market, Chartered shares having declined, while even Lonely Reefs are giving way on some realisations.

Amongst Diamond shares, De Beers Deferred have fallen to 13, and Jagersfontein to 4, these declines being due chiefly to fears that the demand for diamonds for America will cease now that there is the prospect of a declaration of war against Germany by the United States coming off at any time.

SILVER FIRMER—SILVER MINES QUIET.

There has been a steady advance in silver, which has now arrived at 37½d per ounce for Bars, but Silver Mines have kept very quiet, Burma Corporation, as well as Canadian Mining, having eased off. Barriers, too, are dull, and there is very little doing in West Australians.

Russian Mines have shown a good deal of strength at one time, but these also are easing off again, although Petrograd every now and then sends buying orders.

COPPER STRONG—TIN FLUCTUATES.

There is a distinct improvement in Standard Copper, the official quotation for which has risen about 4 points for the week, at £138 5s for cash, no doubt in connection with the requirements for the war, but Copper Mining shares have been neglected, prices showing little change.

Tin has fluctuated. At one time the price had risen about £3, to £202 12s 6d, but has now relapsed to £200 7s 6d for cash, while the three months quotation has experienced even a heavier fall, to £200 7s 6d. Tin shares were firm at one time, but now that the metal has fallen there is very little doing in the shares.

YESTERDAY'S PRICES.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

The following are the quotations in stocks and shares in which there was a movement:—

BONDS.					
War Loan 3½	84	½	L.C.C.	55	½
Met Water	56	½			
HOME RAILWAYS.					
Gt Central Def	71½	½	S.-Eastern Def	27⅝	8
AMERICANS.					
Baltimore	79¼	¼	N.Y. Central	97	8
Chic Gt West	11¼	⅛	North Pacific	107	8
Chic Milwaukee	82	3	Southern Ord	29⅜	30¼
Denver Pref	29	30	Southern Pref	64	5
Erie	29½	30	Steel Com	113¼	⅝
Do 1st Pref	40	1			
FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILWAYS.					
Leopoldina	29½	30½	Can Pacific	167	8
RUBBER MARKET.					
Eastern Inter Tr	20/6		Inch Kenneth		5½
Federat Selangor	6⅞		Jugra Land		2⅝
Golden Hope	3 1-16		Shelford		1⅝
DIAMONDS.					
De Beers Con Def	12⅜		Frank Smith		4/-
EXPLORATION AND LAND, &c.					
Brit Cent Africa	3/9		S.A. Gold Mines		13/3
Central Mining	6½		S.A. Gold Trust		19/3
Gen Min & Finance	5/-		Witwatersrand T		14/-
RHODESIAN.					
Goldfields (Rhod Dev) 5/6					
BRITISH COLUMBIA.					
Utah Copper	22¼				

ONLY FIVE DAYS MORE!

GRASP YOUR WAR LOAN OPPORTUNITIES.

Friday is the last day: Don't lose your chance.

• • •

It may happen that before then you may be unable to take out £5 worth of War Stock.

• • •

If so you can at least buy £1 War Savings Certificates for 15s 6d. And you can go on doing so after February 16.

• • •

But remember that War Savings Certificates bought between now and Friday will go to swell the total amount of the Victory Loan.

• • •

Every £1 you invest is helping to shorten the war.

• • •

By hoarding up "silver bullets" you are a munition worker for the Kaiser.

• • •

There is no purpose to be served in waiting till the last day for receiving applications for the Victory War Loan. Go to the bank or to the Post Office to-morrow.

• • •

Do your bit for the last War Loan in the last war Britain will need to fight against Germany.

• • •

Small sums are valuable. The poorer you are the greater is your patriotism if you supply something towards the sinews of victory.

• • •

A maxim for patriotic investors "£1 in time saves nine." The British Empire needs all the money—great or small in amount—that you can provide.

• • •

The money invested in the War Loan is not by any means "locked up" for an indefinite term of years.

• • •

Presuming you invest through the Post Office, you can sell your stock and secure the use of your money at any time by signifying your wish to do so.

• • •

If you invest in the War Loan you will be making money while you are sleeping from the date of your investment.

• • •

"This is the big opportunity for the small man." Bear in mind that millions of "fives" are just as useful as fives of millions.

• • •

The 5 per cent. War Loan is "the" investment of the twentieth century.

• • •

"Opportunity has a forelock in front, but is bald behind." Grasp your opportunity by putting every shilling you can spare into the British Empire's War Loan.

• • •

School teachers may render great help to the country by forming War Savings Associations and persuading the children to contribute all they can save towards the purchase of £1 certificates.

• • •

£5 invested in the War Loan at a cost of £4 15s will bring in 5s every year, while £20 of stock, costing £19, will bring in £1.

• • •

Anyone who invests in the War Loan is a creditor of "an Empire on which the sun never sets." The security is not only gilt-edged—it is solid gold!

A CONTROLLER FOR DRESS!

SHOULD HEAD OFFICIAL BE APPOINTED?

Are women spending too much upon dress?

The significance of the question is not are they spending more than they can afford, but are they spending more than is compatable with the well-being of the country at this time of national crisis.

Mr Lloyd George, at a meeting the other day, urged upon women the necessity of economy, and asked them to curtail their expenditure on dress in order to add to the War Loan.

It is not that woman are unpatriotic or unusually selfish, but they are inclined to be thoughtless in the matter of dress.

To sensible, thoughtful women it seems an anomaly that, whilst supreme efforts are being made to ensure unparallelled success for the new War Loan, and a system of rationing is being urged upon the nation, yet fashion is allowed to go unchecked, and within such short intervals as six or even three months make drastic changes in women's dress. From the ungainly narrow skirts a rush was made to extremes in width and shortness. And now a whisper goes round that spring is to bring us greater changes by the introduction of "peg top" and "barrel" skirts.

Reject Innovations.

This is the time when women could make a decided stand and refuse to adopt these innovations.

Our present fashions are so satisfactory as regards appearance, utility, and comfort that all practical, economical women would gladly agree to make no very perceptible changes in style until the war is over. It is almost inestimable the saving in money this would effect.

Extravagance does not so much result from the purchasing of new clothes when they are required to replace those that have already done good service as in slavishly following the vagaries of fashion. Garments of the best of materials, and still in good condition, are often cast aside merely because dame fashion has introduced a later novelty.

A significant indication of how these matters are regarded by those in authority was given at a recent Appeal Tribunal in London. On an expert designer of ladies' fashions making application for exemption, the Judge said, "We are very much opposed to encouraging this sort of trade just now. . . . Women must at the present time wear what they can."

In conclusion, he added, "We feel very strongly that this business is not of the slightest importance. It is desirable that there should be no change in ladies' dress at all for two or three years. Designers are really not wanted."

£20 Furs.

Dress means so much to most women that it is the very last thing on which they will economise.

"I am scraping and saving every shilling for the War Loan," a woman said to me the other day. "I have already adopted the rationing scheme, and it makes a considerable difference. But, of course, I mean to have my new set of furs quite the same. I have kept back £20 for that purpose."

Another acquaintance told me that she simply could not economise in dress, for it was her one little hobby, and she could quite well afford to indulge in it.

"Whenever I have a fit of low spirits," she said, "I just go off to my dressmaker and order a new blouse, or, if I am far down in the dumps, a new costume. The choosing of the material, and arranging about style, trimmings, &c., have always such an effect in cheering me up that the outlay is well repaid, even if I am not just at that time in need of new clothes."

A dressmaker whom I visit occasionally tells me she really cannot execute nearly all the orders which come to her these days. She admits that it would be a relief if there were no changes in fashions for a very considerable time. While there is an ever-increasing demand for new clothes, the number of girls available as seamstresses is becoming every week fewer. Munitions and other new spheres of work for women are better paid, and have more attraction for them than dressmaking.

A draper and costumier who does a very big business in ladies' tailoring tells me he never in his long experience of business has had such prosperous times as the last two years.

And although the price of material has considerably increased, and workmanship is at a much higher rate, the demand is chiefly for the best class of goods.

Changed Conditions.

There are so many women who in former days had to plan and contrive in order to present the tolerably well dressed appearance, are now earners of big wages, and can indulge in the luxury of dressing in the best and most up-to-date styles.

The experience is so novel and so fascinating that they are apt at first to be somewhat extravagant.

Many women think that an appeal from the Government similar to that recently given in regard to rationing would have the effect of bringing home to the thoughtless ones the seriousness of the situation, and cause them to put restraint upon all lavish or unnecessary expenditure on clothes.

Others again agree with the chairman, who, at a meeting of the shareholders in a large London firm, said that a considerable part of the prosperity of the wholesale drapery trade was due to that amiable desire of the ladies to look their best on all possible occasions. He was sure there was nothing known to the wit of man that would separate a becoming hat from a woman who knew that it was becoming and had seen it. Nothing short of an Act compelling all women, from the Duchess to the factory girl, to dress exactly alike would be effective. He should not envy the inspector or other official charged with the duty of enforcing it, for wherever his trouble ended it would certainly begin, like charity, at home. Of course a woman should spend in moderation, and not dress extravagantly.

Our Portrait is of Mr. William Narborne, of 8 Railway Rd., Perry Barr, Birmingham, who writes:

"About two years ago I met with rather a bad accident. I was a conductor on the City Tramways, and whilst getting in my fares one day the car was pulled up quickly, and I was cast through a window. My arm was cut very severely, and I had to go and have it stitched at the General Hospital. This caused me six weeks' absence from work, and after resuming my duties for one week I broke out all over my body with Huge Boils.

"Again I went to the hospital, and was treated for blood poisoning; this happened on three successive occasions, until I began to think I should never be cured. Then I gave Clarke's Blood Mixture a trial, and the first bottle or two seemed to be driving out the poison, so I persevered, and after taking 10 bottles I was cured. It is now over 12 months since I left off taking your Clarke's Blood Mixture, and I have seen no signs of any further blood disorder."

Sufferers

from Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Piles, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, or kindred complaints, should realise that lotions, ointments, &c., can but give temporary relief. To be sure of a cure, complete and lasting, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed of the impure waste matter, the true cause of all such troubles. Clarke's Blood Mixture expels from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising. Pleasant to take and free from injurious ingredients.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

The World's Best Remedy for Skin & Blood Troubles.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per bottle. *(Six times the quantity, 11/-.)*

PORT OF MENTEITH SOLDIER KILLED.

Port of Menteith, Saturday.

Mr John M'Millan, Portend Cottage, Port of Menteith, has just received intimation that his son, Gunner Hugh M'Millan, Royal Field Artillery, was killed in action in France about the end of January. Deceased, who was twenty years of age, joined the colours on 10th December, 1915. He went to France last July, and prior to enlisting was employed as an estate worker with Mr Crabbie, Blairhoyle, Perthshire.

HELENSBURGH SCHOLARS' SPLENDID EFFORT.

Helensburgh, Saturday.

The scholars connected with the Hermitage Higher Grade School formed a War Savings Association in the month of November, which has been most successful. The scheme was heartily entered upon, and it has just been reported that 240 certificates have been purchased, the children having contributed the handsome sum of £186 13s.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured by "Liq-u-fruta," the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist's supply is rapidly exhausted. The stocks, however, are daily replenished, so that sufferers unable to obtain at the first attempt should again apply to the Chemist the day following. If the case is very urgent, send Postal Order to 644, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., and bottle will be sent by post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH,

Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

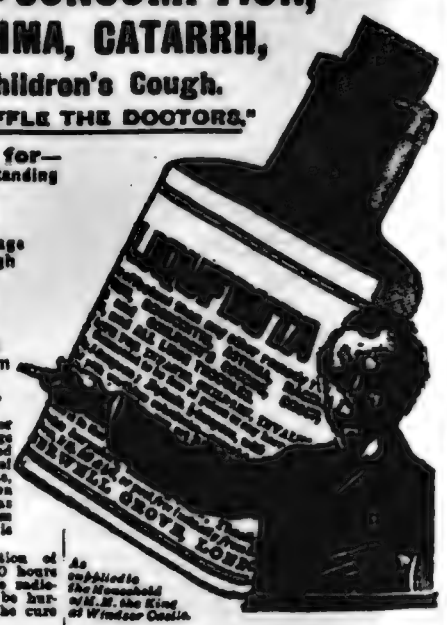
Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" for—

—Chronic Asthma of even 20 years' standing
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis.
—Lung Trouble when Sanateria and Medical Treatment had failed.
—Bleed Spitting —Lung Hemorrhage
—Tearing Coughs —Whooping Cough
—Bronchial Catarrh —Quinsy
—Pneumonia —Croup
—Laryngitis —Nasal Catarrh
—Night Sweats —Loss of Flesh
—Influenza —Racking Cough
—Difficult Breathing —Choking Phlegm
—Sore Throat —Emphysema

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

Every bottle contains the emulsification of twelve herbal ingredients, and requires 60 hours for impregnation with the most valuable radio-active emanations and gases, and cannot be hurried. Mr Heme-Newcombe himself puts the cure in every bottle.


LIQUFRUTA
LIQUFRUTA
LIQUFRUTA

BOX FREE

(FIVE DAYS' SUPPLY.)

Heart & Nerves

If you have any indications of Nerve or Functional Heart Disorders, such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fulness in the Throat, Anæmia, Pains around the Heart or under the Left Shoulder, allow us to send you a Free Supply of Oxea, sufficient for five days' trial, together with a treatise on the heart, and testimonials from people who have been cured. Send no stamps. Package in plain wrapper.—THE GIANT OXEA CO., Ltd. (Dept. 251W) 8 Bouverie Street, London, E.C. Oxien Preparations are on sale at all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's, White's, Hodder's, and other leading Chemists.

CASSELL'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

AT LAST! A GENUINE CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

Splendid News for the Consumptive.

£1,000 Challenge.

We, Cassell & Company, The Laboratories, 78 Alfreton Road, Nottingham, having tested various alleged Consumption Cures at present on the market, now claim that CASSELL'S CONSUMPTION CURE (Kasco Tubacyllus), the wonderful new germicide recently introduced by them, is positively the most effective Cure in existence for this terrible disease, and hereby offer to demonstrate its superiority and genuineness against ANY OTHER remedy on earth for £1000.

Kasco Tubacyllus is not an ordinary drug medicine; it is a germicide which is carried direct to the lungs by the blood, destroying the disease germs and effecting a complete and permanent cure.

Cassell & Company have offered to prove the efficacy of Kasco Tubacyllus to some of Britain's greatest and best-known Authorities on Tuberculosis.

Kasco Tubacyllus has cured, and is continuing to cure, an average of 90 per cent. of ALL cases accepted for treatment.

Kasco Tubacyllus is the consumptive's only hope of Life.

Remarkable Free Trial Offer.

Send to-day for Free Book, Testimonials, Question Chart, and full particulars of our genuine offer to supply every sufferer with four bottles of Kasco Tubacyllus (value 20s) at our own risk. Your penny stamps should be enclosed with your inquiry.

CASSELL & COMPANY (Dept S.S.), The Bacteriological Laboratories, 78 Alfreton Road, NOTTINGHAM.

500 HOURS LIGHT 1½D

Designed to give a safe and cheap light. Just right for new lighting regulations.

EVERLASTING LAMP.

Holds no loose oil and can be thrown about without danger. The wick is everlasting, never needs renewing. Immediately goes out if knocked over, cannot explode. Price 6d, post 9d; 2 for 1/, post 2d. Stamps accepted (d preferred). Included free, uncommon Novelty List, full of illustrations and bright suggestions. Agents Wanted. 1d stamp Vaughan & Heather, 398 Queen's Rd., Brighton

SKIN CHALLENGE—I, John A. Campbell, Herbalist and Skin Remedy Expert, Springhill Cottage, 898 Pollokshaws Road, S.S., Glasgow (Estd. 1889), hereby claim that my Domino Brand Ointment (formerly known as Gipsy Ointment) is the best ever discovered, and offer to test it against any other reputed Skin Cure in existence for £100. Guaranteed to cure most hopeless cases of Eczema, Psoriasis, Lupus, Ringworm, Abscesses, Ulcers, Leg-Sores, Pimply Face, Piles, &c. Trifling cases, if neglected, often end in Cancer or Leprosy, alarming present increase. First dressing cures burning pain and intense itching or money back. Jars, 1s 3d, by post 1s 6d; 3 jars (in one) 2s post free. A big saving, usually enough for worse cases. (Letter orders posted by return.)

FREEMANS REAL TURTLE SOUP

made in a minute with Freemans Real Turtle Cubes.

Four in a box, 1/-

Freemans Watford

This beautiful 9ct. GOLD SHELL RING, engraved with any Regimental or Naval Crest, either Ladies' or Gent.'s sizes, for P.O. 2/6 (guaranteed for 5 years), or Hall-Marked Gold Ring, 12s 6d. It is made by SIMS & MAYER, which is a sufficient guarantee as to its wearing quality. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Shell Jewellery. To get the size, cut a hole in piece of cardboard, to fit tightly over the knuckles of finger.—Address:—SIMS & MAYER (Dept. 98), 5, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. SAFE and SPEEDY. Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bots., 3/6 each.

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES,

COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE,

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

Two electric tramway cars collided in a fog at Dudley, and one was partly telescoped, the driver being killed.

Through the Mayoress of Southwark 100 poor schoolgirls have each received a warm coat, the gift of a local firm.

FAMOUS TRAGEDY RECALLED.

INNOCENT MAN TWELVE YEARS A PRISONER.

DIES IN IRISH WORKHOUSE.

Dublin, Saturday.

An Irish tragedy and murder trial that created considerable interest throughout the United Kingdom some thirty-six years ago has just been recalled by the death of Peter Duff in the North Union Workhouse at Dublin.

Duff's trial is still discussed with much zest in the Emerald Isle. In the year 1881 a fierce riot took place in Moore Street, a thoroughfare in the Irish capital. A violent struggle ensued between the police and the people of Dublin.

When the fight was at its height a man rushed excitedly from one of the adjoining houses, and, brandishing a cleaver, he hit a policeman with this formidable weapon, fatally injuring the unfortunate member of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Peter Duff was arrested soon after the crime, and was placed in the dock on the capital charge.

The greatest interest was taken in the trial, the Courthouse being packed almost to the point of suffocation. After a protracted hearing Duff was convicted. The sentence was one of penal servitude.

Proved to be Innocent.

The story of the tragedy, as well as of the trial, had passed from the memory of most people, when another sensation was caused by the astounding announcement that it was not the hand of Peter Duff who had struck the fatal blow to the police constable. It was proved beyond the shadow of doubt that Duff was innocent. He had, however, been incarcerated for the extended period of twelve years before the fact came to light that he was wrongly accused, after which he received his liberation.

Now the hand of death has liberated him from the troubles and worries of this life.

DUNDEE JUTE CONTRACTS

Yarns Required for the Army.

Dundee, Saturday Sight.

The Secretary of the Jute Importers' Mutual Protection Association, Ltd., Mr G. C. Keiller, has received the following letter from the Director of Army Contracts:—

"I am directed to inform you that arrangements have now been completed for the supply of raw jute for Government contracts from the following firms in Calcutta:—D. D. Millar & Co., Ltd.; R. Steel & Co., Ltd.; J. C. Duffus & Co., Ltd.; James Scott & Sons, Ltd.; Birkmyre Brothers; George Henderson & Co.; Mitchell, Pettrochine Brothers; Chittagong & Co., Ltd.; Nairn, Gunge, & Co., Ltd.; and Ralli Brothers. This jute will be allocated to jute spinners in Dundee against yarns required by the Department.

"Letters of allocation will be issued to spinners in which it is proposed to insert a clause stating what quality, weight, and condition of jute is to be guaranteed on the terms of the Dundee Jute Importers' Mutual Associations contracting firms, and I am to request that your committee will be good enough to sanction this use of your association's terms of contract, and extend to the letters of allocation all the benefits and privileges attached to your contracting firms when used by members of your association.

"For the information of your committee I enclose a draft of the form of letter of allocation which it is proposed to issue in cases where it is intended to employ the clauses referred to. I may add that the actual terms on which the jute will be supplied to spinners do no tadmit of the use of your association's contracts in their entire form."

INCREASED FOOD PRODUCTION IN BUTESHIRE.

Rothesay, Saturday.

The Bute Food Production Committee have appointed ex-Provost Fisher, grain merchant, as executive officer under the scheme of the Scottish Board of Agriculture. The committee will take to do with all questions of national service in connection with agriculture with a view to the increase of food production as far as that is possible of attainment.

Cardinal Bourne, who was called to Rome, is expected back to London at the end of the month.

SCOTTISH NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

The record price of 950 guineas was paid at Perth for an Aberdeen-Angus bull.

Glasgow Tribunal has decided that kilt-making is not of national importance.

Over 20,000 trees are to be cut down on Auchendarroch estate, and 6500 on Strachur estate.

Mr P. Macgregor Chalmers, Glasgow, has been appointed architect for the Belfast Cathedral.

Out of some 3800 doctors in Scotland, about 1900 have already accepted commissions in the R.A.M.C.

The membership of Govan Parish Church is 2981, an increase in the year of 352. This is a record.

At least one Rothesay girl has taken up duty in the new capacity of policewoman in a munition factory.

In some of the Coatbridge churches a vote was taken by show of hands of those who were in favour of Prohibition.

Mr Asquith has appointed Sir John Barron, M.P. for Hawick Burghs, as his Parliamentary private secretary.

A fox drive has taken place on the Gargunnok hills near Kippen, but only a vixen was secured. Two roe deer were also shot.

The Glasgow School Board has approved of the motion instructing headmasters to form war savings associations in their schools.

Drymen Public School children have collected thirty-five dozen eggs for the wounded soldiers at Stobhill Hospital, Glasgow.

Last month was the coldest, taking an average of the temperature, for twenty years, according to records at the Coats Observatory.

Much surprise has been occasioned by the resignation of Miss Mary Wilkinson, matron, and about forty V.A.D. nurses of Perth Red Cross Hospital.

The Industries Fair, to be opened on February 26 in Glasgow, will exhibit chiefly textiles, boots and shoes, foodstuffs, and domestic chemicals.

Glasgow Liberal Club have subscribed £6, the entry money from a snooker handicap, to the Scottish Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers.

Glasgow Corporation have decided to proceed with the erection of twenty or thirty tenement buildings for the working, labouring, and poorer classes.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon is to be proposed for the Chancellorship of Aberdeen University, rendered vacant by the death of the Earl of Elgin.

Dr Patrick Steele, senior medical assistant at Dundee District Asylum, has been appointed medical superintendent of Roxburgh District Asylum, situated at Melrose.

Contributions amounting to £1100 have been sent to various Comforts Committees from the amount drawn from the sale of tickets for the tramways art drawing.

A fine water-colour drawing of the Lord Roberts statue in Kelvingrove Park is to be presented to the Countess Roberts by a well-known member of the Glasgow Art Club.

The extraordinary difficulty in getting farm servants in the Lothians for the forthcoming term is causing serious concern to farmers, many of whom are short-handed.

There is considerable speculation as to whether, in conformity to use and wont, M. Poincaire, as Rector of Glasgow University, will visit the city and give his rectorial address.

Private John Mathieson, an Edinburgh man, was publicly presented at Dundee with the Military Medal for bravery in stretcher-bearing and rescuing men from dugouts.

Ayr's medical inspector of schools recommends that a supply of felt slippers should be kept at school for boys and girls whose footwear is in such disrepair that their feet are cold.

Montrose painters have been granted an increase of 1d per hour in wages, an advance of 1s in country money, and time-and-half rate for time beyond fifty-four hours per week.

Part of the ground situated between Balloch Pier, belonging to the Dumbarton and Balloch Joint Railway Company, has been given to the employees of the company for the cultivation of potatoes and vegetables.

School children at Beauly have grown and sold medicinal plants in their school gardens at "highly remunerative prices." It is suggested that where potatoes are not suitable, the war-time gardener might do his bit in this line.

LOST WITH THE CALIFORNIA.

The photograph on the reader's left is that of Mrs Robert Kidd, who was lost in the California. She was a native of Dundee, and her husband is serving in the Canadians, having enlisted in Calgary, Alberta. On the right is Mrs E. M. Smith (nee Miss Alice Anderson, daughter of Mrs R. J. Anderson, 12 Balgay Avenue, Dundee) and her little daughter, Edna, who were also on their way home from Canada, and who, it is feared, have perished.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH

THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE. Used by Doctors and the Public in all parts of the World for upwards of 60 years.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The Best Remedy Known for **COUGHS, COLDS,** ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA, COLIC, and other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a "Dr. COLLIS BROWNE." Of all chemists. 1/3, 2/-, 3/-

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LOVE, LAUGHTER, AND LIFEBUOY.

LAUGHTER, Good Health, Good Spirits, Happiness, accompany the daily use of Lifebuoy Soap, because every day at the Toilet and in the Bath, Lifebuoy Soap promotes Cleanliness and Health by destroying the germs and microbes of disease. No other Soap is quite so good for Baby's Toilet, Baby's Bath, Baby's Health.

The mild carbolic odour you note in Lifebuoy Soap is the sign of its splendid protective qualities.

MORE THAN SOAP— YET COSTS NO MORE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 149—83

Invalids Enjoy

Benger's Food. Letters from doctors and nurses continually voice the gratitude of patients for it. Invalid after invalid writes to say:—"It is the one Food of which they never tire."

The ease with which

BENGER'S Food

is digested and absorbed, makes it most welcome to patients, and it ranks highest among nutritive foods.

Benger's forms with milk a dainty cream, which is absorbed with little digestive effort. The different method of preparing it (*see directions*) is the measure of its advantages over other foods.

Benger's Food is entirely British in origin, ownership, and manufacture. It is sold in tins by Chemists, etc. everywhere, price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 5/- & 10/-

A most interesting booklet about this most interesting Food post free from:

BENGER'S FOOD LTD., MANCHESTER, England

Branch Offices: NEW YORK 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY 117, Pitt St. Depôts throughout CANADA.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Clyde,	1	Hibernian,	2
Dundee,	5	Partick Thistle,	1
Hearts,	2	Aberdeen	0
Kilmarnock,	4	Queen's Park,	2
Morton,	0	Celtic,	1
Motherwell,	3	Dumbarton,	2
Raith Rovers,	0	Airdrieonians,	2
Rangers,	1	Ayr United,	0
St Mirren,	2	Hamilton Aca.,	4
Third Lanark,	5	Falkirk,	4

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Albion Rovers,	1	Clydebank,	1
Vale of Leven,	1	Johnstone,	1
Stevenston United,	0	Abercorn,	0

EASTERN LEAGUE.

Cowdenbeath,	2	St Bernards,	0

PENMAN CUP.

Broxburn United,	7	East Stirlingshire,	0

DUMBARTONSHIRE CUP.

Dumbarton Harp,	3	Renton,	0

GARDINER CUP.

Bathgate,	1	Armadale,	4

LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL.

Glasgow Juniors,	3	Irish Intermediate,	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Ayr Athletic,	1	St Anthony's,	1
Blantyre Victoria,	1	Croy Celtic,	0
Bernbank Athletic,	6	Gubeig Camsronians,	1
Oatlands,	1	Thornliebank,	1
Kilsyth Rangers,	3	Port-Glasgow Juniors,	1

RENFREWSHIRE JUNIOR CUP.

Undecided Tie.

Renfrew Juniors,	2	Neilston Victoria,	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

Bolton Wanderers,	1	Rochdale,	3
Burnley,	7	Southport Central,	0
Port Vale,	1	Everton,	1
Liverpool,	4	Bury,	0
Manchester United,	4	Stoke,	2
Oldham Athletic,	2	Manchester City,	1
Preston North End,	0	Blackburn Rovers,	2
Stockport County,	6	Blackpool,	0

Midland Section.

Barnsley,	0	Notts Forest,	1
Bradford City,	1	Bradford,	0
Chesterfield Town,	1	Rotherham County,	2
Grimsby Town,	1	Lincoln City,	0
Leeds City,	1	Hull City,	0
Leicester Fosse,	3	Sheffield Wednesday,	1
Notts County,	2	Huddersfield,	1
Sheffield United,	0	Birmingham,	0

London Combination.

Brentford,	1	West Ham United,	1
Arsenal,	3	Fulham,	2
Portsmouth,	3	Watford,	0
Southampton,	1	Millwall,	1
Luton,	2	Clapton Orient,	3
Crystal Palace,	0	Tottenham Hotspur,	1
Chelsea,	3	Q.P. Rangers,	0

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Celtic,	26	18	0	8	50	8	44
Morton,	28	18	5	5	51	29	41
Rangers,	26	18	4	4	49	15	40
Airdrieonians,	28	13	8	7	46	39	33
Third Lanark,	26	12	7	7	35	29	31
St Mirren,	27	12	8	7	39	30	31
Kilmarnock,	28	13	11	4	50	35	30
Partick Thistle,	26	11	9	6	33	25	28
Motherwell,	28	11	12	5	45	46	27
Dumbarton,	27	10	11	6	44	55	26
Falkirk,	28	9	11	8	45	41	26
Clyde,	25	7	7	11	31	35	25
Ayr United,	28	9	14	5	34	41	23
Hearts,	28	11	16	1	32	46	23
Hibernian,	28	7	12	9	42	55	23
Hamilton Aca.,	27	7	13	7	30	52	21
Queen's Park,	25	8	13	4	38	52	20
Dundee,	27	8	16	3	41	54	19
Aberdeen,	28	6	16	6	27	43	18
Raith Rovers,	28	4	18	6	26	68	14

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Stevenston United,	18	14	2	2	42	13	30
Clydebank,	15	10	3	3	33	13	23
Vale of Leven,	17	8	5	4	32	20	20
Dumbarton Harp,	14	8	5	1	26	16	17
Abercorn,	16	6	5	5	25	24	17
Johnstone,	19	5	8	6	25	34	16
Albion Rovers,	17	3	8	6	18	25	12
Renton,	15	2	6	7	17	26	11
Arthurlie,	16	3	9	4	16	29	10
Dykehead,	11	3	5	3	14	22	9
Wishaw Thistle,	11	3	6	2	11	22	8
Royal Albert,	11	1	5	5	11	26	7

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	18	11	2	5	44	19	27
St Bernards,	16	10	5	1	34	16	21
East Fife,	12	7	2	3	19	6	17
Armadale,	14	6	4	4	28	22	16
Dundee Hibs,	15	6	8	1	27	30	13
Dunfermline,	15	6	8	1	19	27	13
East Stirlingshire,	13	4	6	3	22	31	11
Broxburn,	12	4	6	2	11	22	10
Bathgate,	13	3	8	2	18	31	8
Lochgelly United,	12	2	10	0	10	31	4

Does not include unfinished games—St Bernards v. Dundee Hibs and East Stirlingshire v. Broxburn United.

East Fife awarded two points owing to Lochgelly's non-appearance.

TIPS FOR NEXT SATURDAY.

Aberdeen are at home to Raith Rovers, and will win. The 'Onians have Kilmarnock at Broomfield. Back Airdrie.

Ayr United will beat Clyde at Somerset Park, and Celtic, with Dundee at Parkhead, will bag both points.

Dumbarton receive the Rangers. Look out for a Light Blue victory. Falkirk entertain Morton. The Bairns will win.

Hamilton Academicals and Third Lanark will draw, and the Hibs for both of them against Motherwell. Hearts will fall at Firhill, and Queen's Park will beat St Mirren at Hampden Park.

In the Lancashire Section of the English League—Blackpool will beat Bolton Wanderers; Bury will lose to Stockport County; Everton will beat Oldham Athletic; Manchester City will beat Preston North End; Rochdale will beat Port Vale; Southport Central and Manchester United will draw; and Stoke will lose to Liverpool.

In the Midland Section—Barnsley will beat Chesterfield Town; Bradford will beat Leicester Fosse; Birmingham will beat Bradford City; Lincoln City will beat Notts County; Huddersfield Town will beat Rotherham County; Hull City will beat Sheffield United; Notts Forest will lose to Leeds City; and Sheffield United will beat Grimsby Town.

In the London Combination—Millwall will beat Brentford; Fulham will beat Luton; Arsenal will lose to Chelsea; Portsmouth will lose to Tottenham 'Spurs; Q.P. Rangers will beat Watford; West Ham United will beat Southampton; Crystal Palace will lose to Clapton Orient.

WHERE SHAW SAVES CELTIC FROM THEIR FIRST DEFEAT.

DUNDEE PLAY THEIR BEST GAME OF THE SEASON, AND SIT DOWN ON THE THISTLE.

DOUBLE HAT-TRICK AT CATHKIN—FAST, FEARLESS FOOTBALL AT IBROX—HOW THE HIBS WON AT SHAWFIELD.

Clyde met the Hibs' at Shawfield. Both teams settled down quickly to a good game, Clyde forwards always showing danger on the van. Hibs' defence, however, found their bearings from the start, and all the clever moves by Clyde were countered with success.

In fifteen minutes Hibs got the lead, Campbell catching up a loose ball and, cutting in, gave Shingleton no chance. Clyde went out to equalise, but met such a stiff defence, led by Paterson, that although they were often dangerous the defence seemed always to have the pull. M'Gowan was ever on the spot, and on the few occasions Paterson wasn't in attendance almost got through. Although Clyde were slightly superior Hibs were playing an effective game. Till the interval Clyde never relaxed their efforts to get level, but the Hibs' defence was almost perfect, and cleared with both precision and good judgment. Half-time—Hibs, 1; Clyde, 0.

Clyde opened the second half as if the wiping off of a single goal would only take minutes, and it looked as if this would happen. Hibs' defence had a brief spell of efficiency, during which they made some glaring blunders, but luckily Clyde's forwards were in too rash a humour, and M'Manus had nothing deadly to clear. M'Gowan almost did the trick with a grand shot, but an unfriendly foot diverted it round the post. At this stage the play took a decided change, Hibs opening up the play and getting in not a few dangerous thrusts towards Shingleton. Lennie was in grand trim, and Farrell was beaten more often than he cared for. All hope of Clyde sharing the points seemed blighted when Campbell, after clever play, sent a shot which rebounded off the upright to Lennie, who scored. There was no denying Hibs' worth, and they were well worthy the point, their forwards losing no time in getting in their shot. Clyde redeemed themselves to a slight extent by scoring fifteen minutes from the close, M'Gowan getting the honour of putting the ball through from a scrimmage. The full points went to the team which, for grand defensive play and perseverance in the second half, deserved them.

Clyde, 1; Hibs, 2.

Clyde—Shingleton; Cowan and Farrell; Walker, M'Ghie, and Neave; Morris, G. Watson, M'Gowan, Thomson, and Shimmon.

Hibs—M'Manus; Borthwick and Dornan; Kerr, Paterson, and Gordon; Lennie, Fleming, Kilpatrick, Muirhead, and Campbell.

HOW AYR LOST AT IBROX.

The 10,000 present at Ibrox were treated to a fast, fearless game, which could have been drawn by Ayr United in the closing stages had they had a forward that could have shot at all. The Rangers certainly predominated in the first half, and scored the only goal through Manderson, but on play they ought to have had half a dozen. The Light Blues' play was great in the open; in fact, they treated the spectators to as brilliant an exhibition as has been seen on Ibrox for a long time, but their finishing was poor, if one excepts the few good shots put in by Scott Duncan, but which were as well saved and cleared by Nisbet, in the Ayr goal.

Rangers' middle line was the best we have seen on view, and Martin was exceptionally good throughout. Blair played a superior game at back, and the same can be said of Hay, in the visitors' defence. The reshuffling of both teams made for improvement, and it was evident from the start that a good game would be seen.

Rangers, after the first quarter, settled down, and, if they did not score till well on in the first half, they did everything but that, and the opener came after nice play by Cairns and Croot, on the left, the outside passing in a gift for Manderson to send hard and sure for the net. Nisbet was not to blame, as the shot was of the unsavable order, and he had previously saved dead certs from S. Duncan and Cairns.

On resuming, Rangers kept up their first-half play for quite a time, but failed to count further. R. Cringan was injured, and retired for good. It was after this that the Ayr men, with a man short, came into the picture, and Rangers had a run for the points. Bad shooting and failure to grasp opportunities spoiled Ayr's chances, and even when Yuille had a gift opening he put over the bar. Ayr's revival in the closing stages was quite good, and had they drawn the game none could have grudged them the point. Rangers' best were Blair, Bowie, Martin, S. Duncan, and Croot. Ayr's best were Nisbet, Hay, W. Cringan, all three half-backs, and Yuille.

Rangers, 1; Ayr United, 0.

Rangers—Hempsey; Pursell and Blair; Bowie, Riddell, and Martin; S. Duncan, Bell, Manderson, Cairns, and Croot.

Ayr United—Nisbet; W. Cringan and Hay, Montgomery, Waddell, and M'Laughlin; R. Cringan, Barr, Marshall, Shankley, and Yuille.

SPIRITED GAME AT KILMARNOCK.

Queen's Park lost at Kilmarnock by four goals to two, but a closer margin would have more correctly represented their side of the play. More particularly was this the case in the closing portion of the game, when the Amateurs, although well behind in scoring, played with great spirit, and worried the home defence to a greater extent than they had done in any previous portion of the game. All through it was an interesting contest, and despite the softness of the ground the backs on both sides kicked strongly, and the forwards were surprisingly smart in their manipulation. It was well on in the first half before Kilmarnock got the opening goal, M'Phail scoring after three of the home forwards had failed to catch a cross shot from R. Hamilton, a brother of the Kilmarnock man, who was on trial for the day. A minute or so from half-time Smith got Kilmarnock's second goal. Although Kilmarnock in the first half had had more of the play than the visitors, the Queen's forwards were always more dangerous. Lock, of the Rangers, who was in goal for Kilmarnock, had one particularly fine save.

The home team were seen at their best in the earlier portion of the second half, and when Rutherford scored a third goal the points seemed certain. Queen's, however, continued to serve up a spirited opposition, and when Aitken scored following a well-placed corner kick by Morton it was not more than they deserved. Even when M'Phail notched another goal for Kilmarnock the Amateurs never slackened, and their perseverance was rewarded by M'Millan getting their second goal. The game had a most exciting finish, both goals running very narrow escapes, and a further score on either side would not have been surprising. While there was more individual cleverness among the Kilmarnock forwards, the Queen's front rank played better as a whole. Both defences showed exceptionally well, but Kilmarnock held the advantage at half-back.

Kilmarnock, 4; Queen's Park, 2.

Kilmarnock—Lock; T. Hamilton and Mitchell; Fulton, Goldie, and Mackie; R. Hamilton, Smith, Goldie, Rutherford, and M'Phail.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; T. Thorpe and J. Neilson; A. Cowan, J. G. Barrie, and A. Ford; William J. Aitken, H. M'Millan, R. F. M'Dermid, D. Templeton, and A. L. Morton.

GOOD GAME AT MOTHERWELL.

Dumbarton always succeed in putting up a good game on Fir Park, and their display yesterday was quite in keeping with their reputation in this respect. In the first half play was evenly balanced. An exhilarating pace was set. Motherwell's attacking quintette excelled in their artistry—at times their work was much too close to be profitable—but the Dumbarton forwards, with their freer and more open methods, were always a dangerous company. At the interval the score stood—Motherwell, 0; Dumbarton, 0.

Motherwell had the pull in the second half. They lasted the game much better, and they were always more aggressive than Dumbarton. When the latter did get going, however, they had the pleasing style of cutting towards goal in the quickest and most direct fashion. In these raids the home defence had to be particularly watchful, for the visiting forwards did not lack speed or grit. They certainly did not combine so prettily as the ground side's van, but their less ornamental movements were equally as profitable on the whole.

It was an interesting game to watch from first to last, and the result was one that few could cavil at. The mainstay of Motherwell's team at present is undoubtedly the defence. Rundell was both clever and daring, while M'Skimming's coolness saved many a desperate situation. The halves all ranked in the superlative stage of excellence, while in front Gray and Morgan delighted the spectators with their pretty combination. Kelly shot and crossed with unerring accuracy. For Dumbarton the defence was ahead of the attack, but the team all over shaped well. The most useful men were Ritchie, Cairney, and Thom in the front rank, while Raeside excelled in the half-back line, and Semple was certainly the best of the two backs.

Motherwell, 3; Dumbarton, 0.

Motherwell — Rundell; Murray and M'Skimming; M'Stay, Brown, and Stewart; Kelly, King, Ferguson, Gray, and Morgan.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Semple; Travers, Raeside, and Gunn; Ritchie, Garvey, Cairney, M'Kim, and Thom.

THE CATHKIN CROP.

Third Lanark and Falkirk served up a fine fight for the League points at Cathkin. It was a real sporting, clean-fought game, and, all things considered, the Warriors were value for the odd goal. Right from the start there was fine football, and for a period neither goalie got much to do. Walker it was that first tested Allan, of the Hibs, who substituted Stewart in the Falkirk goal, and the keeper again got his boot on for a return off Bissett.

Falkirk claimed the first count. It was largely the work of Croal, who left Walker standing and ground passed to Gibbons. The centre beat Brownlie all the way with a well-timed effort. The Gunner was hardly without blame for the shot coming. "It's our turn," said M'Lean, as from the kick-off he accepted a 'cute pass from Weir, and fairly deceived Allan with a beautifully placed hook which caught the keeper close to the upright. The play continued fast. All the Reds were good forward if we except Thomson, who could do all the moving but no finishing. Simpson did not scintillate on the right, but he got across a loose ball which Croal drove home as the leader. The Falkirk man made no mistake with a breezy shot. The first forty-five can be written down as an evenly-contested period, with the odd goal in three slightly flattering the Bairns.

With the resumption came the Cathkin equaliser. M'Lean foraged on his own, and drove a stinger against the upright. Sutherland returned it, the back handled, a penalty was given, and M'Lean converted. At this juncture the Crosshill boys went strong. After many attempts, M'Lean got another home—three successive goals. And it was a beauty, well out of Allan's reach. When Weir scored a fourth and Bissett a fifth, many thought it was all up with the Stirlingshire boys, but there was a fight left in the Bairns. The Cathkinites felt the pinch of the hard moving, and Falkirk took their chance. Croal, from a free kick, drove home the third goal, and Croal again caught Brownlie for the fourth goal—making three for himself. The Bairns strove hard to save the game, and only a miraculous clearance from Brownlie kept his side on the ascendant.

For Thirds Brownlie was none too happy. Mackie was the better back, and Hannah and Brown carried off half-back honours. Forward I have not seen the Thirds better this season. M'Lean was worth his weight in "goals." For Falkirk, Allan is still a class man. He was beaten by shots well placed out of his reach. Orrock was the better back, and Harvie the star at half. Croal was the outstanding forward.

Third Lanark, 5; Falkirk, 4.

Third Lanark—Gunner Brownlie; M'Cormack and Mackie; Walker, Hannah, and Brown; Bissett, Weir, M'Lean, Sutherland, and Thomson.

Falkirk—Allan (Hibs); Orrock and M'Millan; Harvie, A. Comrie, and M'Donald; Simpson, Watson, Gibbons, Croal, and Shearer.

SECRET OF AIRDRIE'S SUCCESS.

Raith Rovers again disappointed their supporters by losing the points to Airdrieonians at Stark's Park by 2-0. The bitterness of the defeat lay in the fact that, as has happened so often, the Rovers had more of the attack, and made nothing of it. For this the forwards were once more to blame. The only forward who played up to form was Gibson, and the value of his work was thrown away on inside players, who could never take a chance when they got it. Rougvie, in centre, was disappointing, Abbot was little better, while Lindsay and Archibald wasted their energy in close and erratic passing. The secret of Airdrie's success was that the forwards, and especially Yarnell, were quick and clever at openings. Yarnell's two goals testified to his ability. Rankine was a good man. That it was superior ability in finishing that gave Airdrie the victory was shown by the fact that, while the Rovers had two-thirds of the play, their goalkeeper, Brown, was much oftener in action than Bernard.

After half-time the Rovers were a much superior lot to Airdrie, and Rattray, Forrester, and Currie wrought hard to redeem the situation. Robson and Muir were stubborn defenders, and Brown had some brilliant saves. Until Rovers can put some sting into their attack at close quarters no better results can be looked for. Airdrieonians gained the points by their ability to shoot straight and often.

Raith Rovers, 0; Airdrieonians, 2.

Raith Rovers—Brown; Robson and Muir; Rattray, Forrest, and Currie; Archibald, Lindsay, Rougvie, Abbott, and Gibson.

Airdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Kerr, Kennedy, and Comrie; Rankin, Anderson, Yarnell, Donaldson, and Paterson.

HEARTS UP.

Aberdeen's advent at Tynecastle was favoured with fine weather. Changes on their side were numerous, but the Dons started with a vim which augured well for the game from the spectators' view-point.

Paton and Wylie were early astir, and it required all the vigilance of Black to keep Cail from scoring. Mercer, with some 'cute touches, reversed the order of going, and gave Cartmell an opportunity to move ahead. Perry was prominent during the early proceedings as also was M'Ewan for the Hearts. The latter showed some fine twisting movements, which gave Cartmell a couple of possible openings, and he also had a first-timer at Anderson which required all the ability of the Dons' keeper to get rid of. Denyer was also in the picture in this respect, but Anderson was alert and danger was averted. Main and Wylie were working effectively for a goal for the visitors. Paton was also lively, but only abortive corners accrued. Afterwards the Dons' defence was strong. Hearts were always a shade the superior side, with Mercer the man of his side. He it was who paved the way for the opening goal. He provided Cartmell with the ball. Calder was rounded, and the leather went to Noble, who gave Anderson no chance.

On resuming, Hearts were aggressive. The Dons defence got it hot, and play was mostly fought out in Aberdeen territory. Anderson was busy, and saved all kinds of shots. He was so busy that the immediate presence of a seaplane over the ground did not catch his eye. At that moment he was saving a ripper from Mercer. It fell to Mercer to increase Hearts' lead. He did it from close quarters. The Dons seldom visited Black, and Hearts fully merited their win. Mercer was the outstanding figure in the game. Ross, Kiernan, and M'Ewan supported him well. Anderson, Main, Robertson, and Perry were the men who shone for Aberdeen.

Hearts, 2; Aberdeen, 0.

Hearts—Black; Kiernan and M'Lean; Nellies, Mercer, and Ross; Cartmell, M'Ewan, Sharp, Denyer, and Noble.

Aberdeen—Anderson; Perry and Calder; Thomson, Wright, and Robertson; Mackay, Paton, Cail, Main, and Wylie.

DUNDEE'S DAZZLING FORM.

Dundee walked round Patrick Thistle to the tune of 5-1 at Den's Park, and played their best game of the season. It was a good job for Patrick Thistle that Ferguson was in splendid form, otherwise their defeat would have been very ignominious. Dundee got off the mark early, and their opponents found defensive work on the slippery ground most difficult. Murray drew first blood, through enterprising work, after Bulloch had miskicked. Then Thomson netted a corner kick by Cargill with rocket-like force, and added a third for his side soon afterward with a straight drive. Neil Harris made one or two promising openings, in which Bowie showed capital speed, but the Thistle forwards were seldom in the picture. Dundee were constantly on the ball, M'Intosh outwitting his opponents time and again, and fed his forwards with rare judgment. The Jags failed absolutely to adapt themselves to the conditions, and it was only Ferguson's brilliant efforts that kept the eager Dundonians at bay. Bulloch and Adams have seldom experienced a more trying time. Just before the interval the Jags met with a little encouragement (the only bit as it proved), Bowie breaking away and beating Bower with a smart oblique shot.

It was thought that the visitors would fare better with the change of ends, but the Dundee defenders proved as much at home on the "wet patch" as on the dry parts of the ground. Burns and Baxter displayed a sureness in their kicking that was remarkable, whilst the midline snapped up many opportunities to the advantage of the forwards, especially on the right wing, Fisher showing a great improvement in his display. Brown put on a fourth and Stirling added a fifth. Humphreys was Thistle's best forward. Durnap played a hard game, and M'Mullan showed grit, but no defence could do much against the irresistible form of the Dundee men, of whom M'Intosh was the brilliant star.

Dundee, 5; Partick Thistle, 1.

Dundee—Bower; Baxter and Burns; M'Intosh, Thomson, and Stirling; Fisher, Murray, Brown, M'Culloch, and Cargill.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and Bulloch; J. Harris, Durnan, and M'Mullan; Whittle, Humphries, L. Harris, Anderson, and Bowie.

HOW THE CELTS DID IT.

Celtic got the victory at Greenock, but who will say Morton were their inferiors in play? As a matter of fact, the Greenock team were unlucky to lose the two points, and the leaders have greatly to thank Shaw for saving them from sustaining their first defeat of the season. Charlie was really brilliant. That great shot of Wright's in the second half was worthy a goal, but how the custodian cleared it was a marvel. Stevenson, too, was fairly on the mark once, but again the Celt triumphed, and turned back the eager Greenock team. What a pace in the first twenty minutes! The crowd, estimated at 15,000, had plenty of thrills, and the dash, cohesion, and shooting of the Morton forwards fairly delighted the onlookers. It was a purposeful attack which must have prevailed but for the coolness of M'Nair and the shrewdness of Shaw. In the hot pressure one of the Celts' half-backs handled, but for once Stanley Seymour failed to register, the ball going straight into the goalkeeper's hands. The leaders had some dangerous raids, and, indeed, young M'Lean, who took Browning's place at outside left, was very active, and the elusive Patsy was always to the fore. Ormonde and Morrison, however, were giving nothing away, and they received grand support from the three men in front. M'Intyre was perhaps the pick of the bunch, and was the best half on the field. Play was fairly open, and then something happened. It was just on the call of half-time. Celtic came along on the right, and the ball was crossed to M'Lean, resulting in the two home defenders getting somewhat mixed up. M'Coll saw his opportunity, and, bursting in, scored the first goal. Bradford had not the ghost of a chance.

There was little slackening in the play in the second period, and vigorous bouts between certain players enlivened the game until the finish without any change in the score. Morton were a tireless lot, and the right wing and Parker made it pretty warm for the opposition. M'Nab played a delightful game in the first half, and his display at outside right fairly pleased the crowd. Morrison stood up pluckily to the fast-going Celt, although the veteran seemed to go off a bit towards the close. Ormonde was the safer back. The bulk of the defence work fell upon Celtic, and it will be admitted that they accomplished it in their best style.

Morton, 0; Celtic, 1.

Morton — Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and M'Lean; M'Nab, Gourlay, Parker, Stevenson, and Seymour.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Wilson, M'Stey, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, M'Menemy, and M'Lean.

ST MIRREN'S LUCK IN.

The opening play at Paisley gave promise of a stirring game, and expectations were not in the main disappointed. Despite the hard going the pace was fast and furious. The Academicals adapted themselves better at the outset to the conditions, and had scored before the Saints got under way. From a flag kick M'Neil almost under the bar got possession, and beat Hillcoat with ease. Sparkling play on the part of the visitors' forwards kept the home defence continually under strain, and with the defence—Andy Reid particularly—badly lacking in confidence, the chances seemed all in favour of Hamilton helping themselves to another point. But the Saints got a breather, and then came their turn to exert pressure. All the same when they got the equaliser it was a distinct surprise. Robertson missed his kick entirely, and Turner at once availed himself of the opportunity thus literally thrust upon him. The Saints improved after this, but were still a shade behind the Accies.

The second half was twenty minutes old when the Academicals took matters in hand, and Hillcoat had to deal with numerous shots. He disposed of them cleverly, but at length had to acknowledge defeat, M'Namee dropping the ball into the net before the goalkeeper had recovered after saving from Murphy. Hamilton's play was much superior to that shown by their opponents, but it was in vain that they strove to attain victory. The Saints had more than a shade of luck in finishing equal. Best for St Mirren—Hillcoat, Callaghan, Pringle, Dixon, and Lindsay. Best for Hamilton — Robertson, M'Namee, M'Neil, Graham, and Nichol.

Result—Two goals each.

St Mirren—Hillcoat; Reid and Callaghan; Pringle, Dixon, and Walls; Higginbotham, Turner, Marshall, Lindsay, and A. Brown.

Hamilton Aca.—Craig; Robertson and A. Miller; Purdie, M'Namee, and Paterson; M'Neil, Murphy, Graham, Kelly and Nichol.

STEVENSTON'S SIX.

evenston United and Abercorn met at enston in a Western Cup match. The e was hard and fast, and although all scoring was done by Stevenston, Aber- had many likely opportunities. They e a bad start, being two goals down in first ten minutes, and before the interval hird was registered against them.

The second half was pretty much a repeti- on of the first, Stevenston adding three ore goals, and Abercorn failing to count. One of the two outstanding points in the ame was Spiers' single-handed effort to core for Abercorn. He forced his way hrough and was making straight for goal, hen Harvey diverted his shot at the ex- ense of a corner. The other was by Paton hen scoring the fifth goal for Stevenston. e manipulated the ball past several op- onents, passed to Goldie, who returned, nd he then dribbled the ball into the net. arrell was in great form for Stevenston, oring three goals. Paton got two, and om Hamilton one. Best for Stevenston— he goal-scorers, Young, and Lawson; hile for Abercorn Spiers, Dougall, and ngregor were prominent. Stevenston, 6; bercorn, 0.

DRAW AT ALEXANDRIA

t was a good hard game at Alexandria, en Vale of Leven and Johnstone met in Western League match. The visitors re a hot lot, and made the pace right om the start. Vale soon came into the me, however, and Anderson and Cameron d hard luck in not scoring. In the second lf play was keener than ever. Vale put a grand fight with a weakened side. Six nutes from the close Brander scored for e Vale, and a few minutes later Bennett ualised. Best for the Vale were Robb, arrett, Cameron, and Brander, and on the hnstone side, M'Lelland, Smith, Ness, d Irvine were prominent. Result:—A aw—one goal each.

TOUGH TIE AT DUMBARTON.

Dumbarton Harp and Renton met in a unty Cup-tie at Dumbarton. Harp fielded ir strongest side, while Renton intro- ced Baird (Dumbarton) at centre-half d Corcoran (Hamilton Accies) at outside- ht. Harp pressed from the start, and milton brought off a brilliant save from ffy. In sixteen minutes Brodie scored Harp, and a minute later Duffy added cond goal, while Renton were claiming an infringement. Renton were unlucky. tly after resuming, Duffy scored a third d for Harp. Dempster, of Harp, had to re owing to injury. Harp, who deserved ir victory, were best served by M'Bride, ffy, M'Callum, Watson, and Morrison, le the most conspicuous for Renton were ey, Baird, Dodds, and Corcoran. ore:—Harp, 3; Renton, 0.

CLYDEBANK AT WHIFFLET.

Clydebank's visit to Whifflet in the stern League championship proved a big traction. To gain full points meant much Clydebank, but the unexpected again hap- ed. The game was one of two extremes Clydebank superior first half and Rovers dogs during the closing portion. Clyde- k's forwards fairly impressed in the ier stages, and shot from every possible tion. All the while the Rovers' goal was er in danger, as the shots were invariably the long-range order. In twenty-five utes Short drew first blood with a low, ing shot. The Rovers' forwards made e headway, and were seldom dangerous. ing the closing half Welsh headed the aliser, and from that on the Rovers were smarter side. No further goals were ed, and the game ended drawn — one n.

t the close of the game a pleasant little tion was held in the pavilion, when Tom sh, Rovers' outside left, was presented h a timepiece on the occasion of his rriage.

COWDENBEATH'S WIN.

owdenbeath were not called upon to ke any great effort to secure both points heir Eastern League match with St Ber- ds. Cowdenbeath were without Wall, r reputed inside forward, and had a new ht wing in Gow and Goodwin, who ed to be the best wing on view. Though Saints set off in promising fashion, Cow- beath were the first to score, Goodwin ing from a pass by Paterson. Philp d a second goal. The Saints were never ly dangerous.

the second half Cowdenbeath took the e in hand, but score they could not. minent for Cowdenbeath were Birrell, ip, M'Lean, and Paterson, St Bernards g best served by Kerr, Cresswell, Ames, M'Dougall. Cowdenbeath, 2; St Ber- ds, 0.

GLASGOW JUNIORS DEFEAT IRISH LEAGUE.

ere was much clever play at Firhill k, Glasgow, where a 10,000 crowd saw gow Junior League win on their merits hree goals to one against the Irish Inter- ate League. The game was played in e sporting spirit, and although several he players were slightly injured, that more accidental than the result of coarse ics.

cheery crowd of supporters crossed the nnel along with the players, and it was to no lack of vocal encouragement that Greens went under. And yet, although nearly every department save goal the s were top dog, there was much to re occasionally in the lightning bursts he bhoys from Belfast and district. He ld, however, be a rabid Irish sportsman failed to recognise superior football in the Glasgow team. Glasgow won se they played the kind of football counts. The forwards shot when they the chance, while the Irish lads tried much to walk the ball into the net, these tactics against a Stonewall Jack- defence like Bruce, Cornock, and ueen did not pay.

rnock was the finest back on the field, kicking being always clean, and his was something to admire, but his Park- colleague was not far behind. The gow goalkeeper got little to do in com- son with the work which Liddell, the Govan goalkeeper, had to face. This ddell keeper was cheered to the echo by d and foe alike for his brilliant saving, and the Irish League was probably never better served in goal.

It was the combination of the Scots which earned the victory, however. There was an understanding between the players which was lacking on the Irish side, and the mid line had a lot to do with the combined attacks made on Liddell's charge. Rankin was the best forward afield, and there was none to excel him in the deadliness of his shooting. The two goals which came from the Parkhead crack's foot were of the unsaveable order, and he had others which only the superlative excellence of the Irish keeper prevented from counting. But all the Scots forwards earned their caps, the extreme men, Neilly Campbell and Mills, the Clydebank representative, sending across some fine balls. Willie Orr was the pick of the Glasgow middle line, but Captain Neil put in a lot of clever breaking-up work.

I have already mentioned Liddell, but his play was so outstanding that a further reference is only just. A tall, lithe lad, with a confident pair of hands, he was the player which kept the Scots from recording an even more pronounced victory. Crone was the steadier back, but the halves were only indifferent, Captain Houston being the pick. The forwards were fast and clever individually, Lee being the outstanding man, although Lemon, Snape, and Robinson at times caught the eye by flashes of personal cleverness. When, ten minutes from time, Lemon scored for the Irish lads there was just a chance of the game ending all even, but that last minute drive of Rankin, which almost burst the net, sealed the fate of the bhoys, who, however, earned respect by their plucky display.

The drawings amounted to £150, which was a compliment to both teams, and Mr J. Howden, Glasgow, refereed the game in a very impartial manner.

Glasgow League—Bruce (Kirkintilloch Rob Roy); Cornock (Ashfield) and M'Queen (Parkhead); Neil (Parkhead), captain, Orr (Bellshill Ath.), and Somerville (Pollok); Campbell (Ashfield), Rankin (Parkhead), Gibbon (Rutherglen Glencairn), Brown (Parkhead), and Mills (Clydebank).

Irish League—Liddell (Glentoran 2d XI.); Crone (Distillery 2d XI.) and M'Mordie (Linfield Swifts), Bennett (Glentoran 2d XI.), Houston (Forth River), captain, and Grier (Forth River); Robinson (Linfield Swifts), Lemon (Forth River), Lee (Linfield Swifts), Milgar (Ormiston), and Snape (Glentoran 2d XI.).

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast fifteen correct results. There is **NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.**

The competitor who gives the fifteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the fifteen correct results a consolation prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results the consolation prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of fifteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, February 17.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw leave the name of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any reader may send in as many efforts as may be desired, but each forecast must be written on a separate form. These forms, together with any used from the "Weekly News," may be posted in one envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED FEBRUARY 17, 1917.

Bury	v. Stockport Co.
Stoke	v. Liverpool
Southport Cen.	v. Manchester U.
Blackpool	v. Bolton Wan.
Huddersfield T.	v. Rotherham C.
Notts Forest	v. Leeds City
Birmingham	v. Bradford City
Lincoln City	v. Notts County
Arsenal	v. Chelsea.
Portsmouth	v. Tottenham H.
Q.P. Rangers	v Watford
Ayr United	v. Clyde
Dumbarton	v. Rangers.
Falkirk	v. Morton.
Queen's Park	v. St Mirren.

I enter this Competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

S'gnature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special" Office, 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, February 14.

Result of football competition for matches played February 3 will be announced next week.

M'Lean, the Govan Juvenile, got a show at Greenock. He filled "Smiler's" place creditably.

THE WAR NATIONAL.

BY THE COLONEL.

It requires but a glance to convince me that Eugenist is the best handicapped horse for this race. If limited to one choice I should look no further for the winner.

I shall, however, complete the usual half-dozen possibles and probables. At this distance Irish Mail is sure to be in the hunt, and must be preferred to Templedowney, who at three miles would lose him at these weights. Carrig Park is another that must go down on our lot, though I expect him to show even greater improvement in a year or two's time.

Next I tick off Minster Vale as a danger. Thowlpin is very well in indeed, and Schoolmoney must complete the half-dozen. I prefer Eugenist by far the most at present. Next I should fall back upon Schoolmoney, while I should hesitate between Irish Mail and Minster Vale for my third choice. I hope to be saved a lot of trouble by being able to go nap for Eugenist for this year's War National.

SELECTIONS.

COLWALL PARK—Wednesday, Feb. 14.

12.40—Beethoven, nap; Killin next best.
1.10—South Parade, nap; Pall Mall next best.
1.50—Aldermaston, nap; Court Bleddyn next best.
2.20—Sabaria, nap; Pervenche next best.
2.50—Phidias, nap; Piper's Hill next best.
3.3—Top Hole, nap; Noah next best.

Thursday, February 15.

12.40—Samson, nap; Grandborough next best.
1.10—Denison, nap; Sikh next best.
1.50—Appleton, nap; Marnix next best.
2.20—Copper Hill, nap; Lamentable next best.
2.50—Nemo, nap; King's Cure next best.
3.20—Full Stop, nap; Murray Bridge next best.

BOXING BOUTS IN GLASGOW.

At the Glasgow Amateur Athletic Club, before a large attendance, a series of inter-city contests took place last night. The following are the principal results:—

Sergeant Collins, of Edinburgh, and Duncan M'Donald, of Glasgow, boxed a four-round draw

Wm. M'Donald, Glasgow, beat C. Mackie, of Edinburgh, on points over six rounds.

A. Ireland, of Edinburgh, beat M. Dickie, of Glasgow, the latter retiring in the fifth of a scheduled six-round contest.

C. Powrie, of Edinburgh, beat Young Grant, of Motherwell, on points in a six-round contest.

Sid Shields, Glasgow, and Tancy Lee, Belt-holder, boxed a four-round exhibition, as did Walter Ross, Glasgow, and Johnnie M'Fadyen.

WHIPPETING.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

Lochgelly £10 dog handicap came off yesterday afternoon at the Recreation Park. The final was very close, and inches separated the first and second. The result was as follows:—1 Mr Skelding's (Cowdenbeath) Duke (10), 2 Mr Hunter's (Bowhill) Minney (13½), 3 Mr White's (Cowdenbeath) Ruby (5), 4 Mr Kane's (Glencraig) Merry Boy (8). Betting—6 to 1 agst Duke.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

The closing heats of the handicap begun last week were run, and a new handicap was started. Results:—1st semi-final—1 Mr Mack's Mary II. (37), 2 Mr Gunn's Miss Hamilton (27½), 2d semi-final—Mr Scott's Surefoot (44), 2 Mr Clinton's Stockton Lassie (35). 3d semi-final—1 Mr Dickson's White Feet (35), 2 Mr Latta's Fairy King (41). Final—1 Mr Scott's Surefoot, 2 Mr Latta's Fairy King, 3 Mr Dickson's White Feet. Also Ran—Mary II., Miss Hamilton, and Stockton Lassie. Betting—6 to 4 on White Feet, 5 to 2 agst Surefoot, 4 to 1 Stockton Lassie, 10 to 1 others. Won by a head.

200 Yards Handicap—First and second in heats—Mr Gibson's Go Bang (38) and Mr Wilson's Miss Brown (37), Mr Levey's Paleface (40½) and Mr Savage's Rasp (44), Mr Bell's Young 'Un (37½) and Mr M'Lean's Kioria (38½), Mr Daly's Mischief (37½) and Mr Gorman's Dear Mary (37), Mr M'Ewan's Vanity (46) and Mr Bob's Run On (36), Mr Bain's Skylark (31) and Mr Edgar's Abbey Green (31½), Mr Clark's Marmion (33) and Mr King's White Star (39½), Mr Smith's Doctor Drum (40) and Mr Morrison's Bobbie (33), Mr Scally's Niara (36) and Mr Smillie's Adam (42½), Mr Smith's Blacksmith (41½) and Mr Allan's Boy (43), Mr Smith's Rosebud (43) and Mr Kane's Nan (43½), Mr Gilchrist's Wee Reis (44½) and Mr Shearer's Mc (34½), Mr Pye's Fanciful (47½) and Mr Hardy's Reality (47).

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

Yesterday the weekly handicap took place. There was a good entry and large attendance. The programme opened with the final rounds in the previous week's handicap. Results:—1st semi-final—1 Cox's Chapelhall Boy (50), 2 Mackrell's Look Sharp (45). 2d semi-final—1 M'Knight's No Good (47), 2 Key's Pat Breslin (46). Final—1 Chapelhall Boy, 2 Look Sharp. Betting—3 to 1 agst winner.

Seventeen heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners—Bell's Foremost (49), Hill's Hilda (48), Johnston's Molly (50), Watson's Gaffney (48), Dickson's Tiger (41), Anderson's Jungle Hen (51), Allan's Fansy Muse (48), M'Cabe's Tibby (48), Kerr's Jim Larkin (42), Lundie's Cowboy (38), M'Ghie's Blue Diamond (47), Wilson's Lady Nan (45), Brown's Saucy Sarah (50), Mason's Poor Luck (48), Wilson's Rover (47), Reston's Seaforth (45), Kidd's Billy (48). There were three dead heats.

Were you satisfied with the West Ham result?

Parkhead had four boys on the International.

Hibs proved a gritty lot of defenders at Shawfield.

The Glasgow juniors had a day off for the 'National.

The boys in green carried the city Irish support at Firhill.

The Accies peeled at Love Street, and Manager Raisbeck smiles.

The Rangers lead in the Victory War Loan. A level ten hundred.

Rangers have a stiff journey next week-end. Who backs the "Sons"?

Celts are as safe as the Victory War Loan. You can be "share" of that.

Hibs, Celtic, and Airdrie were the away winners A day out for the Irish Brigade.

Yarnell, Airdrie, is the First League top scorer at 22. A worthy successor to Jamie Reid.

Motherwell put the "Sons" out of action. They "Rundell"-ed on three counters.

That was a "hat-brick" that the Hibs deposited at Shawfield.

The scoring always favoured the homesters at Dens Park, and Partick Thistle were well jagged

Chas. Shaw did his bit in the Greenock battle. He saved a last liner.

Mercer was amongst the goals at Tynecastle. The big fellow showed a "Noble" example.

CATARRH

DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES, ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Wish that all Sufferers Should Have an Opportunity of Learning, Free of Charge, How to Cure Their Ailments

Sir Hiram Maxim, the world-famous inventor of the deadly Maxim Gun, which is doing so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is brought to our notice to-day in quite a new light.

The veteran inventor is now seen in a new mission—a Mission of Peace—that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Asthma, and Bronchitis.

In a way, Sir Hiram Maxim's new invention is also a killing machine, but of quite a different type—it kills microbes and is acknowledged by all authorities to be the best method discovered to destroy the germs of Catarrh and of all diseases of the breathing passages.

Anxious to give everyone an opportunity of adopting this quick and easy cure, Sir Hiram Maxim has generously authorised his Sole Licensees to give everyone who asks for it a copy of this valuable book, which has been called a "Home Doctor" owing to the useful information it gives, enabling all sufferers to obtain immediate relief in their own homes.

FREE TO-DAY.

If you will therefore fill up coupon below and post it to-day (½d stamp only needed, or send your name and address on a postcard, the book will reach you by return, free of charge.

The Maxim method is unique, and quite free from complications. It will be found that after a few minutes' use the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectorations diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually diminish, the stiffness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in throat and chest disappear and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly.

An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

You may have been disappointed by other methods making similar claims, but just consider the great reputation of the Inventor—Sir Hiram Maxim—a name honoured the world over for his contributions to Science, and who has had decorations conferred on him by:—

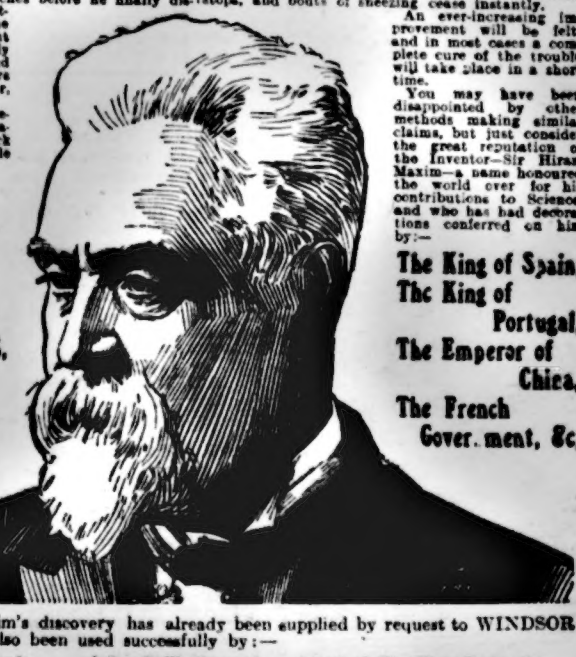
The King of Spain,
The King of Portugal,
The Emperor of China,
The French Government, &c.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S SECRET.

In a plain-spoken and well-written book just published and translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch, Sir Hiram Maxim tells us of his experiences as a sufferer from Bronchial and Catarrhal affections and of his long and patient researches before he finally discovered the secret resulting in his simple home treatment—a treatment which has already brought instant relief and cure to so many sufferers from Nose, Throat, Ear, and Chest affections.

Those who have benefited already by the curative powers of this quick and easy method include sufferers from:

CATARRH,
DEAFNESS,
HEAD NOISES.
COLDS AND COUGHS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.



Sir Hiram Maxim's discovery has already been supplied by request to WINDSOR CASTLE, and has also been used successfully by:—

The Duchess of Leeds.	Lord Wallscourt.
The Duchess of Grafton.	Lord Rossmore.
	Admiral Sir Wm. Kennedy.
	Sir Roger Lethbridge, &c., &c.

Send TO-DAY for your copy of the book, and read some of the wonderful testimony received as to the efficacy of this remarkable cure. These letters have been sent to Sir Hiram Maxim, not only by some of the first of the nobility, by the clergy, and by prominent leaders of society, but also by members of the Medical Profession, and by many thousands of people in all stations of life.

LEARN HOW TO CURE YOURSELF TO-DAY.

If you are, therefore, suffering from any **Breathing Disorders, from Catarrh, Bronchial Trouble, Throat and Chest Affections, Hay Fever, Deafness, Noises in the Ears,** or even that dread scourge **Consumption** in its early stages, send the coupon below, or a post-card to-day, and participate in Sir Hiram Maxim's offer of a presentation copy of the "Home Doctor."

FREE COUPON.

CUT OUT THIS FORM. Fill in your name and address and send it to-day to **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S** Sole Licensees (Dept. DO.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, *a free copy* of the "Home Doctor," describing his new home cure for catarrh, &c., &c.

NAME, ...

ADDRESS, ...

.....

'Camp'—the—never-be-without-it Coffee

Its superb flavour, its handiness, its economy, make 'Camp' a fast favourite in every house it enters.

You cannot get better coffee at any price. You can make it perfectly in a few seconds.

Give 'Camp' a trial to-day. Ask your grocer for it, and see that you get 'CAMP.'

R. PATERSON & SONS, LTD., COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1917.

ALL SMILES.

Miss Adelaide M'Hardy of Drumblair, Forgue, Aberdeenshire, was married to Captain James S. Wahelin, Royal Scots, in St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, 6th inst. The happy pair leaving the church.

WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH LADIES ACT FOR RED CROSS.

Red Cross funds benefited considerably by means of an entertainment held at Johnstone, which was organised by Mrs J. Wilson of Colquhalzie, Perthshire. Mrs Wilson and her friends have already raised large sums for war charities by their dramatic productions. Our photo depicts a scene from "Carrotina," performed at Johnstone. Second from the right in group is Mrs Wilson, while her sister, Mrs Bulloch Graham, is the "gentleman."

KING HONOURS BRIDEGROOM.

L.N.A.

Viscount Ebrington, Scots Greys, heir to Lord Fortescue, and his bride, Miss Margaret Beaumont, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Allendale. The Viscount has just been received by the King, who decorated him with the Military Cross.

WILL ATTEMPT TO FLY ACROSS ATLANTIC.

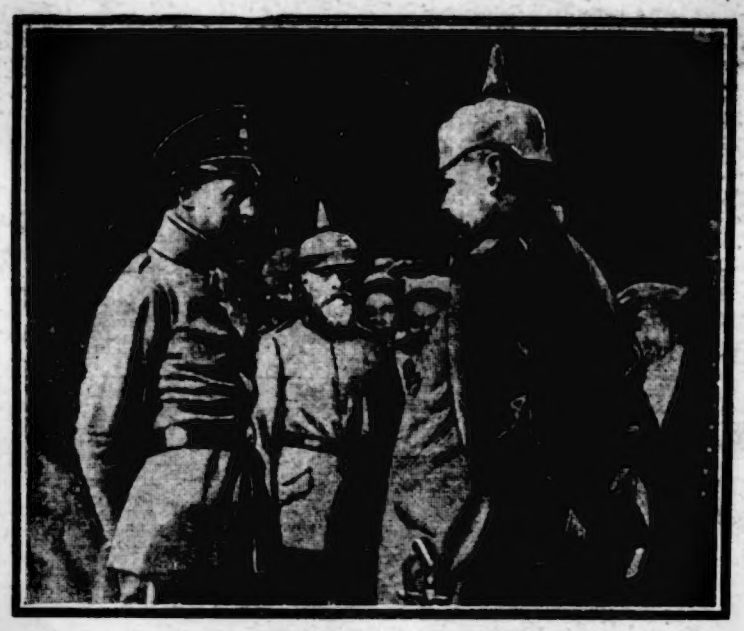
An attempt is to be made to fly across the Atlantic by Capt. H. Sundstedt, of the Swedish Aviation Corps, who has been flying for the Allies, and Lieut. K. Nyegaard, of the French Aviation Corps. Both airmen are in New York, and intend to fly from St John's, Newfoundland, to the Irish Coast.

"PUFFING BILLY'S" BRIGHT "SPARKS."

C.N.

Travelling through captured territory and on the way to the front line. (Official photograph.)

HINDENBURG AND THE CROWN PRINCE.

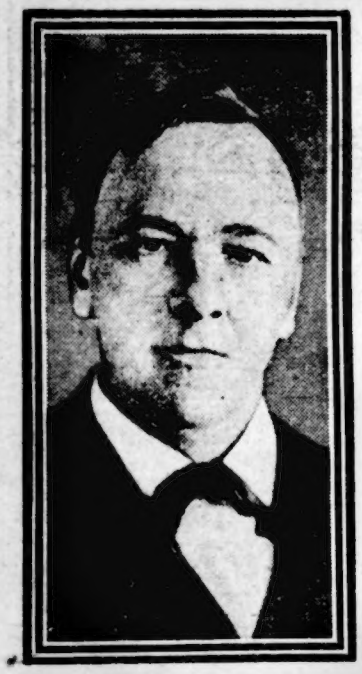


A reproduction of a photograph found in the possession of a German officer taken prisoner by the French near Verdun. It shows Hindenburg talking to the Crown Prince, who lacks his characteristically vain smile—perhaps Hindenburg is giving him a piece of his mind.

THE TORPEDOED ANCHOR LINER

The s.s. California, which sank within ten minutes, and with considerable loss of life, after being attacked by two German submarines on her voyage from New York to Glasgow.

IN THE LIMELIGHT.



The Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the United States Navy. He is fully alive to the United States' requirements in regard to naval strength, and has gained much popularity as a shrewd official.

A BIG RESPONSIBILITY.

The Hon. Newton D. Baker, the United States Secretary of War. He has fulfilled his onerous duties with marked ability, and is leaving nothing undone in pursuit of the United States military policy.

PROUD TO SALUTE THEIR KING.

Wounded Tommies saluting the King, whom they saw coming from Buckingham Palace. The wounded fellows shown in the picture have seen some of the heaviest fighting, and they are now in the company of ladies who have done splendid work towards alleviating their suffering.

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